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JULY 26, 1952

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



John Englehardt

LUCILLE BALL

Rx for TV: a clown with glamour.



ABOVE: *Nash Ambassador Custom 4-door Sedan. Reclining Seats. Twin Beds. Hood Ornament, glare-free tinted Solex glass and white sidewalls (if available) optional at extra cost. Your choice of three transmissions (including Automatic Overdrive and new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic, at extra cost).*

TAKE COMMAND...IT'S YOUR

Golden Airflyte

IF YOU DARE TO LET YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE—drive *The Golden Airflyte*!

Here is America's first car styled by Pinin Farina, world's foremost custom car designer. Here are comfort and luxury features so advanced that other new cars seem outdated!

Here's the supreme thrill of new Super Jetfire performance—with new horizontal Direct Draft carburetion! (Plus, of course, traditional Nash economy.)

Here is the widest, most comfortable seating to be found in any car . . . the best eye-level vision, front and rear . . . the deepest wind-

shield (and new Road-guide fenders to rest your driving eye)!

Drive the Golden Airflyte, and learn how much *newer* a new car can be . . . how much *finer* a fine car can be . . . how much prouder and happier you can be!

Then—if you dare to be envied—make it your own! Let its possession proclaim your good taste—your refusal to compromise on quality—your keen judgment of value!

For this, the Fiftieth Anniversary Nash, is *your* Golden Airflyte. Take command!

TV Fun—Watch Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club. See paper for time and station.

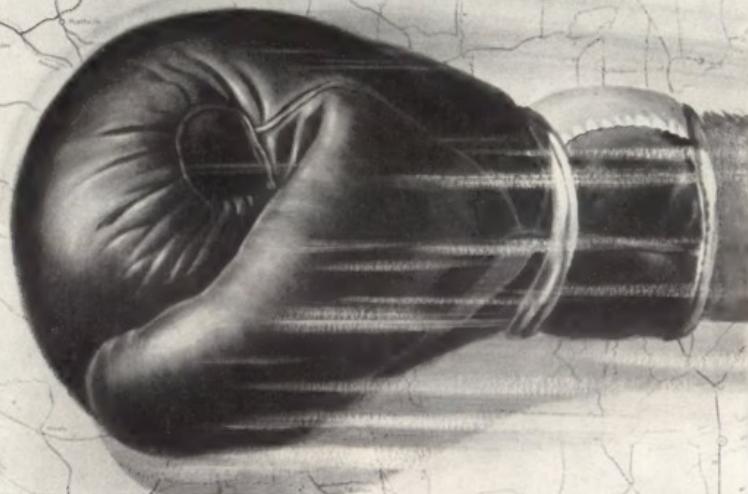


The Finest of One Fifty Years
Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER

All over the map...

Sky Chief PACKS PUNCH!



Volatane Control

Volatane Control adds extra drive in all your driving. Volatane Control means that the volatility and octane in famous Sky Chief gasoline are scientifically balanced. That's why starts are quicker, get-aways are smoother and hills are easier with Sky Chief. In fact driving with Sky Chief feels like the power of an extra motor. Fill 'er up today at your Texaco Dealer.

He's the best friend your car ever had.

... and don't forget the

best motor oil your money can buy.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

TUNE IN: On television—the TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE—every Tuesday night. See newspaper for times and station.



Fifty years
for Fifty Years



PUT YOURSELF **HERE**

Here you're in Michigan. Along its flower-bordered highways, through sun-drenched dunes, or past Michigan's sparkling spring-fed lakes, you'll find new pleasure in driving behind this *shaded* windshield—E-Z-EYE Safety *Plate* Glass—made only by Libbey-Owens-Ford. Light blue-green in color, it also adds new beauty to your car. The deeper blue-green shading at the top of the windshield reduces sun glare and sky brightness so much you will seldom need to flip down your visors. The lighter color below softens

glare from headlights. E-Z-EYE in side and rear windows keeps your whole car cooler in summer by screening out hot sunshine. With E-Z-EYE Safety *Plate* Glass in windows as well as windshield, every passenger enjoys maximum comfort. So, to make driving more pleasant with less eyestrain and more alertness at the wheel choose E-Z-EYE Safety *Plate* Glass when you buy a new car. Pioneered by General Motors and available in all General Motors cars, it costs little extra and adds a lot to your pleasure.



E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE WITH THE SHADED WINDSHIELD



Reduces glare and heat
Less Eyestrain - More Comfort

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO.
TOLEDO 3, OHIO



Look for this sign when
you need Safety Glass.

LETTERS

Storm over South Africa

Sir:

Your article on South Africa in TIME, May 5, was a choice morsel of truth. Thanks for publishing it. I have recently spent some four years in the Union, and I wish to congratulate you for both candidness and restraint. Nothing is in excess . . .

DR. H. L. RASMUSSEN

Associate Professor

Emmanuel Missionary College
Berrien Springs, Mich.

Sir:

. . . It's at times like this that I apologize to Ralph Bunche and all the other fine members of his race for having been born white.

MARGARET C. ELWELL

Kenosha, Wis.

Sir:

. . . We do not tell you how to handle the Negro. Well, do not criticize us. Dr. Malan knew perfectly well what he did when he started his *apartheid* policy. It is the only way to save South Africa.

H. DE BLIJ

Johannesburg

Sir:

"*Honi soit qui malin pense . . .*"
EDWIN R. KORTH

New York City

Sir:

. . . I went to South Africa to settle, saw the storm coming, and wishing to have no

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I've been to California on the "San Francisco Overland"

CALIFORNIA'S HIGH-SIERRA COUNTRY IS REALLY
BREATH-TAKING. YOU CROSS IT BY DAY ON THE "OVERLAND"
BETWEEN CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO. IT'S THE FASTEST
NON-EXTRA FARE TRAIN BETWEEN THESE CITIES.



CHAIR CAR SEATS ON THE
"OVERLAND" ARE A TERRIFIC
BARGAIN. ALL THE LUXURY OF
MODERN AIR-COOLED STREAM-
LINER TRAVEL AT LOWEST FARES.



IN PLACES YOU
ACTUALLY LOOK DOWN
ON MOUNTAINS.

NOTES AND SKETCHES
BY L. MACMILLARD

PULLMAN PASSENGERS ENJOY LUXURIOUS DINING CAR & LOUNGE CAR.
THE "OVERLAND" GOES VIA OMAHA,
OGDEN AND RENO. PLAN TO RIDE
THE "OVERLAND" ON YOUR TRIP
WEST THIS YEAR.

S-P's WONDERFUL WAYS WEST

Mr. L. C. Jones, S. P. Co., Dept. 162
310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Kindly send me, free, your picture-crammed folder
"How to See Twice as Much on Your Trip to California."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ STATE _____

(IF STUDENT, PLEASE STATE GRADE.)

S-P

AMERICA'S MOST MODERN TRAINS



Safety Tips for Vacation Trips

NOW THAT VACATION TIME has come, many motorists will follow the natural urge to take to the open road. Whether they go on a vacation or week-end trip, or just for a drive in the country, they will find motoring most pleasant when it is safest.

According to National Safety Council data, motor vehicle accidents accounted for 40 percent of all deaths from accidental causes, and injured more than a million people last year. Safety authorities say that a good way to make your summer trips more pleasant as well as safer is to follow such motoring precautions as these:

1. Always drive at a safe and sane speed. Reports of state and city traffic authorities show that in 2 out of every 5 fatal accidents, a speed violation was involved. That is why it is so important to drive at a speed which gives you complete control of your car at all times.

2. Follow other cars at a safe distance. According to the National Safety Council,

even when going only 30 miles per hour, under normal conditions, it would take you about 80 feet to come to a complete stop. This emphasizes the need of allowing ample stopping room between your car and the car ahead. A safe margin is one car length for every 10 miles of speed. Of course, this distance should be increased at night, and when driving on slippery roads or in bad weather.

3. Keep constantly alert to other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an accident, even if their drivers do something wrong. For example, by watching traffic coming from both left and right when nearing an intersection, you may be able to anticipate and avert possible danger. For the same reason, it is wise to pay attention to traffic coming toward you at all times, and especially on hills and curves.

4. Be prepared for driving emergencies. Should a tire blow out, keep a firm grip on the wheel with both hands and let

the car slow down before applying the brakes. This will help prevent dangerous swerving. When stopping on a slippery surface, apply your brakes lightly, then release and apply again to help avoid skidding.

5. Have your car's condition checked regularly. Traffic reports show that vehicle defects are contributing causes in about 1 out of every 9 fatal accidents. Defective brakes, lights, tires and steering mechanisms are most frequently at fault. Every part of your car should be periodically checked to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Such inspection is especially important before taking a trip.

Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "How's Your Driving?" to help you increase the pleasure and safety of your motoring. This booklet contains many practical comments and suggestions that tell how to drive with the least amount of worry and trouble. Use the coupon below to send for your free copy.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

I Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Please send me a copy
of your booklet, 752-T,
"How's Your Driving?"

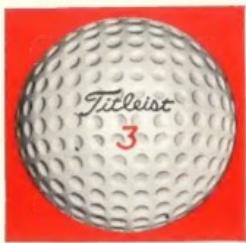
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State _____



This is it! . . . the new 1952

Titleist! . . . another amazing improvement in high-compression golf ball construction . . . another Acushnet "first"!

It is hard to believe but it's a fact . . . Acushnet has put even more distance into this new Titleist. It feels better, too — it feels marvelous! . . . and it keeps its perfect roundness longer under punishment than any other high-compression ball.

No "ifs" and "buts" about this. Thousands of tests have proved every statement we've made here. You, too, will share our enthusiasm for the 1952 Titleist after you have played it once.

Titleists, like all Acushnets, are sold through Pro Shops only.

*What's your hurry, Doc?
... let's help her find it.*



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

FIRST CHOICE IN THE MAJORITY OF PRO SHOPS

part in it, left job, future and friends. And I have never regretted it. Yours was a fine description, penetrating, comprehensive and so brutally true.

MARK F. LEVESLEY

Montreal

Sir:

Goebbels' ghost must be green with envy to see how TIME has perfected the technique of The Big Lie. I counted nine examples of straightforward lying, eight inaccuracies, 27 distortions, false representations or half-truths, with an odd assortment of fabrications and some ornery nastiness aimed at the Leader of the Opposition. The sum equals The Big Lie . . .

H. H. BIERMANN
Director of Information

South Africa House
London

Sir:

Jacob Malan is not even a Christian, much less a man with a divine calling. He . . . is making a burlesque of Christianity . . .

LARRY R. WILLIAMS

Paris

Sir:

I am, by birth, a British South African, and take the stump on behalf of the much-maligned Prime Minister . . . I have recently returned from an air trip to South Africa after an absence of 24 years . . .

In all, I saw nothing but good being done by the fanatic Daniel François Malan's down-the-middle government. They are trying to make South Africa not a "Boer Republic" but a homeland for all white South Africans and a homeland for all non-Europeans in South Africa—even the definitely foreign Indians. All power to heroic Dr. Malan, a fanatic with his head screwed on so rightly that even the Communists cannot gain a foothold . . .

ARTHUR TREVENNING HARRIS
North Hollywood, Calif.

A Man & His Enemies

Sir:

. . . You have done an excellent public service in publishing the details of the filthy smear campaign against General Eisenhower [TIME, May 5]. This will gain for the general even more votes . . . If one can judge a man by the enemies he has made, it does high honor to General Eisenhower that his include this scum . . .

SALLY ANN WEST
Newton, Mass.

Sir:

The fur-lined spittoon to you for coming out frankly and advising your readers who the authors of the poison pen attack on Ike are . . .

BURTON H. R. RANDALL
Pennsburg, Pa.

Sir:

I noted with dismay that TIME engages in a mud-slinging campaign without any attempt whatsoever to refute any of the facts about General Eisenhower brought out by those patriotic Americans whom you so smear. I would like to suggest that the facts are not refuted because they cannot be refuted . . .

Your smear of Joseph P. Kamp was particularly vicious and uncalled for. A more patriotic American could never be found . . .

MRS. JOHN E. BEAUMONT
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

. . . You state: "The inkwells of bigotry are far removed from any responsible political headquarters." I have in my possession

36,524 sunsets



Now another century of service dawns...for

your railroad...the Rock Island

The past century has witnessed an enormous development throughout the area of 14 states now served by Your Railroad. As you pass through cultivated fields, modern cities, and visit protected vacation areas, it is hard to believe that only a very short while ago—as history records time—this land was largely given over to nomadic Indian tribes and herds of bison.

Your Railroad has developed with the

country. In fact it is impossible to disassociate the growth of one from the other . . . they are inseparable.

Rock Island is proud of the part it has played in the economic expansion of the mid-west, and grateful to the business, industrial, and agricultural interests for the part they have played in The Road's growth.

We face another 100 years of service with a deep sense of responsibility

for the continued prosperity and promotion of the great area we serve—strong in our ability to transport its needs from east and west and to distribute its production throughout the world—confident of our capacity to meet the demand of the future.

Like its employees, you will take pride in Your Railroad . . . The Rock Island, as you learn through its services to know it better.

A marvel in 1852—even more so in 1952





IN LIMITED EDITION . . . THE NEW OMEGA

Olympic

AUTOMATIC, WATER-RESISTANT CALENDAR WATCH

Finest among the finest is the new Omega Olympic, named to commemorate the 1952 Olympic Games at Helsinki. For it is Omega that is this year timing these international events, just as Omega—alone among all the watches of the world—has timed the last three consecutive Olympics.

The Olympic is supremely self-sufficient—a self-winding, water-tight treasure in 14K gold, with sweep second hand. It even shows the days of the month *automatically*, with the kind of unfailing precision that marks Omega everywhere. \$300.00 Federal tax included.



WORLD-PERFECTED SYMBOL OF ACCURACY

OMEGA

OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE

BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS

[some of the "smear" propaganda which was sent to me directly from the office of a U.S. Congressman in Washington, who is one of Senator Taft's Southern campaign managers . . .]

FREDERICK G. HASTINGS

Chicago

For the Kiddies

Sir:

Deliver me! I, for one parent and ex-teacher, want no part of the "awesome" Center for Children's Books [TIME, May 5] report on what books children should read.

Horse feathers!

In this day and age of television, comic books, second-rate murder mysteries, etc., I should think *any book* would be a healthy change for most children . . .

JOANNE D. DORSEY

Brentwood, Mo.

Sir:

That thing you said about *Huckleberry Finn* was not true. I am in third grade and I can read *Huckleberry Finn*. When I was even younger I saw the movie of *Hamlet*. I liked *Huckleberry Finn* very much . . . *Hamlet* is very nice too. I am eight and a half. I am reading *Robinson Crusoe*, now. I don't no weather *Huckleberry Finn* or *Robinson Crusoe* are best, but I'll soon find out. After I finish *Robinson Crusoe* I am going to read *Hans Brinker*. It will proply be good too.

LANS TRAVERSE

Philadelphia

The Hustings

Sir:

Almost everyone feels that the presidency is too difficult and wearing a job now for one man. It seems an ideal time to make the position of Vice President a more responsible one. How about President Eisenhower to handle international affairs, Vice President Warren to take care of domestic issues? I would like two brains for the price of one vote.

HELEN LICHWELL

West Roxbury, Mass.

Sir:

. . . To my mind, [Kefauver] is as spineless as a fishing worm, with no personal conviction and ready to adopt anything that promises him votes . . .

M. M. CULLOM, M.D.

Nashville, Tenn.

Interfaith Cooperation

Sir:

The article on Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein and Catholic-Protestant relations [TIME, May 5] is the best I have yet read. I cut the article out and am showing it to both Catholics and Protestants I know—but mostly Catholics.

EVE BURKE

Cleveland

Sir:

Apparently Rabbi Bernstein does not realize that the practice of artificial birth control is not a sin for Catholics because forbidden by the Roman Catholic Church, but rather is forbidden by the church because it is wrong for all people . . .

JEANNE M. STEIR

Jersey City

Creeping Censorship

Sir:

. . . Your cutting "creeping censorship" story [TIME, May 5] fails to point out that reporters, often anxious to stay "on the good

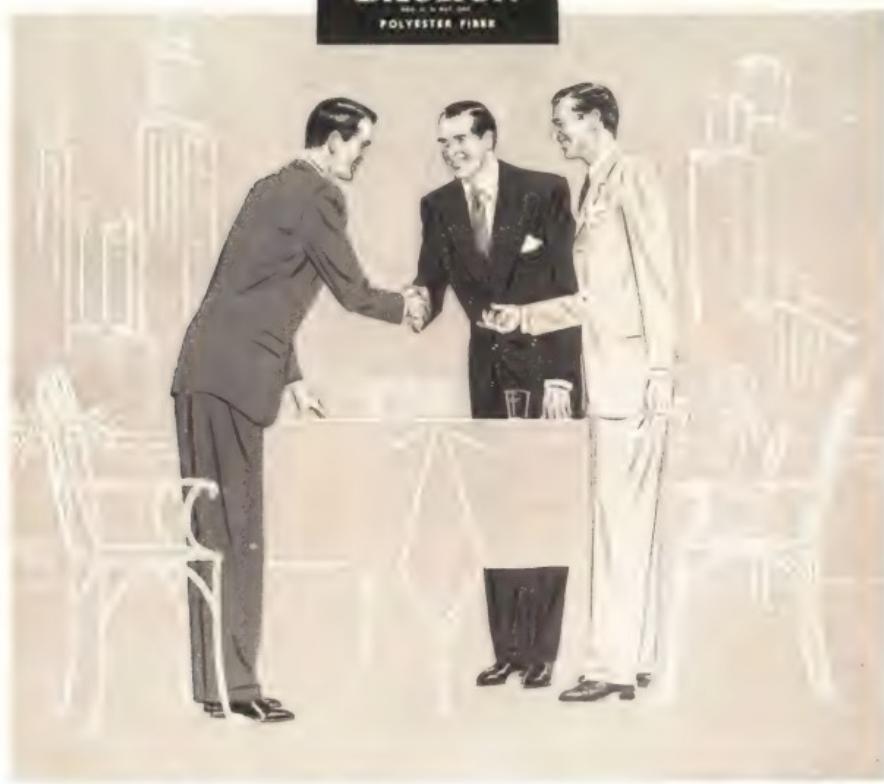
You'll breeze through summer
in care-free fashion...
wearing a suit made with
wrinkle-resistant

You'll enjoy summer more in care-free fashion . . . knowing you look cool and crisp from morning to night in a suit made with "Dacron." For "Dacron" is the new fiber that helps suits hold their press . . . resist wrinkles in heat and humidity . . . withstand wear as never before. These suits require fewer pressings—and many spots wash right out. They are perfect for every occasion. You'll find these wonderfully comfortable suits, and slacks as well, in leading stores now!

You'll see "Dacron" in a variety of summer suit fabrics—100% "Dacron" and also "Dacron" blended with other fabrics such as wool, rayon and nylon. "Dacron" enhances and improves the fine qualities of the fabric . . . makes a good suit even better.

DACRON

WEAR IT OR WEAR IT
POLYESTER FIBER



100% "Dacron" offers you the maximum in wrinkle resistance and crease retention under all conditions—even on hot, muggy days. Suits of this fabric combine handsome appearance with unequalled ease of care.



"Dacron" blended with rayon and acetate offers advantages in economy you expect in rayon and acetate summer suits . . . plus a new durability and crispness in these fabrics that stem from "Dacron."



"Dacron" and wool blended in suiting fabrics have the traditionally luxurious qualities of wool, plus an added degree of wrinkle resistance and crease retention that is truly phenomenal in summer suits.



DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

150th Anniversary

Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry

C. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., WILMINGTON, DEL.

The Wonderful New Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker

Makes 5000 Solid Ice Cubes A Day For As Little As 26¢



It's ideal for bars, hotels,
restaurants, and fountains

It's completely automatic. No trays to fill or empty — nothing to turn on or off.

You don't lift a finger from the moment water flows in automatically until you scoop big perfect cubes out of the storage bin.



Every cube is uniform in size — crystal clear, completely clean. Cubes are solid, too, no holes! Drinks stay cool longer with less diluting — saves on mixes, too.

So compact! Fits under bars, fountains, shelves. Flat, acid-resisting porcelain top can be used for work area or for displays.

So dependable day after day! That's because it's powered by the simplest cold-making mechanism ever made, the Frigidaire Meter-Miser, famous for continued trouble-free operation.

It can save you up to \$800 a year!
Save as much as \$2 a day — nearly \$800 yearly. Save more than 90% the cost of purchased cubes. No melting losses or uncertain ice deliveries, either. This Ice Cube Maker'll pay for itself in short order!



Yes—if you want a continuous supply of pure sanitary ice cubes at the lowest cost and with the least effort, this Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker is ideal for you. This revolutionary new appliance was designed and engineered by Frigidaire as a direct result of an extensive survey of the needs of commercial users of ice cubes all over America.

Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker

Whatever your air conditioning or refrigeration needs, see your Frigidaire Dealer. Find his name in the Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Lonsdale (Toronto 17), Ontario. Ask, too, for Frigidaire's Refrigeration Security Analysis of your needs and your refrigeration costs—no obligation.

sides" of some punk politician . . . have perhaps unwittingly and unethically abetted the new trend. Additionally, some publishers whet their pet ax on the "can't we kill that story" thesis. Perhaps ours is the oldest profession after all.

DEAN G. FAIRCHILD

Binghamton Sun
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . Your article says: "In Providence, it took the *Journal* & the *Bulletin* four years and seven court actions to force tax officials to open their records of tax abatements."

This statement is unfair to Providence city officials whose tax records are open to any and all citizens. It was in nearby Pawtucket (pop. 81,000) that city officials used every legal and physical roadblock (including a uniformed policeman to bar reporters from city hall offices) in their attempt to block reporters from access to records . . .

JOSEPH A. KELLY

Manager

Pawtucket Bureau
Providence Journal-Bulletin
Providence, R.I.

TIME apologizes to wide-open Providence, as its researcher creeps to nearby, inadvertently misplaced, Pawtucket.—ED.

Philosopher's Fif?

Sir:

It was interesting to see your May 5 article on Professor Stace's contribution to current irrationalism. Unfortunately, he is not alone in claiming that knowledge of the existence of God must come through a "fif" (funny internal feeling), rather than through reason. There are many today, however, for whom fifs are not enough

JOHN S. SIEGER

Pittsburgh

Sir:

O Philosopher Stace, please tell me, Sir, of man, that lovely creature; of time and space; of Lucifer; of all those things you feature.

But first of all, of man, Sir, whose mind you do deride, who can arrive at God, Sir, but not of Him inside.

I must admit you daunt me, Sir, and you certainly give me pause. But that is not what taunts me. Sir, it's this: effect and cause.

JOSEPH M. SHANNON JR.

Notre Dame, Ind.

Pity, Not Censure

Sir:

Re Rev. Roy L. Laurin's remarks in TIME, May 5th relative to TIME's recent article on Bishop Fulton Sheen. I fail to comprehend how one man can contain within himself so much bigotry and hatred as does the Rev. Roy Laurin, and he a minister of Christ's gospel . . . I also wonder how much of this hatred and bigotry he has instilled in the minds and hearts of his flock . . .

JOSEPH C. FITZGERALD

Whittier, Calif.

Sir:

. . . I am sure the Rev. Roy Laurin has really embarrassed the great majority of his and all other Protestant churches . . .

HUBERT E. FEICHTLBAUER

St. Louis

• " . . . [You cannot] represent the unpretentious and democratic Christ by the priestly symbolism of a modern Roman Catholic bishop, arrayed in purple and supported by a totalitarian system of religion, which wallows in luxury, pageantry and power . . . "



Is your life insurance still based on 1941 prices?

Remember how low the prices of food, homes and cars were in 1941?

How long would your life insurance—keyed to those 1941 prices—keep your family at 1952 prices?

If you need more life insurance—and most men do—you'll be glad to know that New England Mutual's premium rates, unlike most things, have *not* gone up. And New England Mutual dividends keep your costs at a minimum.

Let a carefully trained New England Mutual man help you bring your life insurance into line with today's prices. He's a *career* underwriter—an expert in family security problems. He can show you how New England Mutual's unusually

flexible policies can be fitted to your exact family or business needs.

If you're like most men, your life insurance is your family's *most valuable financial asset*. It is only plain good sense to know as much about it as possible. We'll be glad to send you, FREE, a copy of YOUR LIFE INSURANCE GUIDE. Written in simple understandable language, it gives you a wealth of *practical* information about the various types of policies and the advantages they offer. Write the company today, Box 333-T, Boston 17, Massachusetts.



The NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL



MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company of Boston

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA—1835



THE AMERICAN ROAD—VI



How many cloverleafs will grow tomorrow?

THE RED MEN went single-file among the great old trees in shallow trench-like trails; the trails broadened when the white men came because they liked to walk two abreast, talking.

Those were the simple beginnings of the American Road, in colonial times. The roads spread slowly but surely, for roads unite those people who live apart—and yet for three centuries the roads were wretched.

The first "Good Roads Movement" came with the bicycle; indignant wheelmen organized themselves in the 1890's. But little was done until Henry Ford began trundling around Detroit in his little horseless carriage.

Then began the real American Road. In 1904 the whole United States spent less than \$80,000,000 on road improvement. In 1950 the U. S. spent more than fifty times as much on its streets and highways—but still only half enough.

In the half-century since, the American Road has grown into a network 3,322,000 miles long, a network without an end, whose traffic is the very life-stream of the nation.

Much remains to be done. The job of building America is endless. Too many streets in which wagons could scrape past each other are now inadequate for the huge trailer-trucks moving vital food and materials. Many a road or street has its sharp right angles instead of gentle curves—when it was built, the curves would have cut across some farmer's field. The angles are still there, though the farmer's field has long been grown over with skyscrapers or blocks of city homes.

We need more of those superb new turnpikes, expressways with their overpasses and underpasses, and glittering huge silver-steel bridges that soar across the rivers of the land.

They must keep growing mile by mile toward a future of free-moving traffic. Motorists will travel from coast to coast in a whole new dimension of safety and comfort, for every community is determined to make the American Road better.

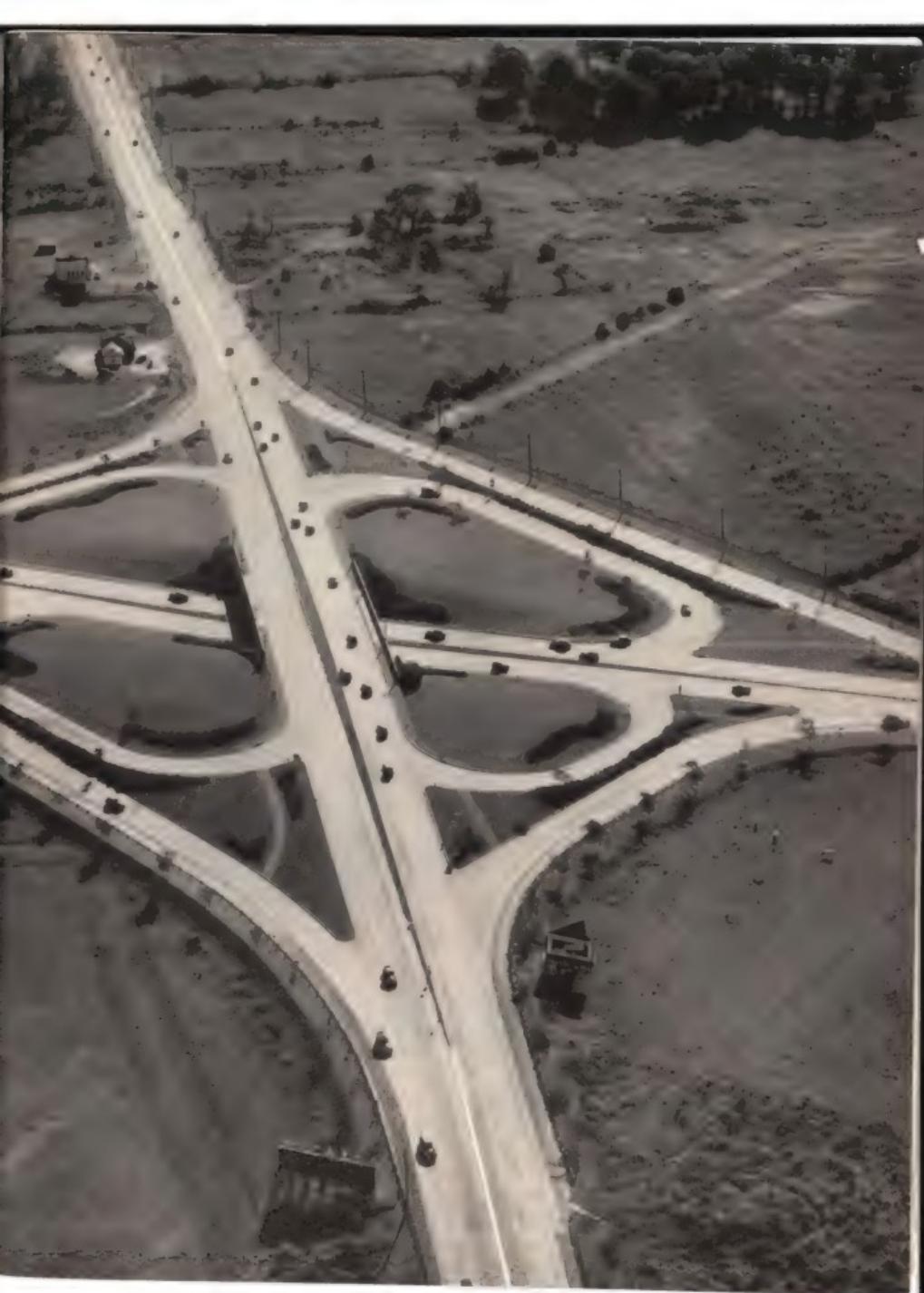
Thus triumphing over time, space and geography, this generation has somehow stubbornly produced its way out of a thousand different crises; it goes hopefully pushing on down the American Road toward the dream of a brighter and better future for all mankind. The Ford Motor Company affirms its faith in this generation, and its belief in the American Road as a path toward progress and peace.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS • FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

◀ CITY CANYONS are as wide as two wagons; modern traffic needs space for speed.

THE CLOVERLEAF, the engineer's masterpiece, is a symbol of civilization; it shows that a community is determined to save lives. ▶



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Most of you will undoubtedly be following with interest the national political conventions during July—hearing and seeing them on radio and television and reading about them in TIME and in your newspapers.

Because the great body of material at hand about conventions, properly organized, could help in understanding the Chicago meetings, TIME decided to publish a convention booklet and to make it available to the public.

Political conventions are always exciting, and this year's are certainly no exception. With the President no longer a contender, this is the first time since 1928 that the nation will be witnessing two "open" conventions. Neither one will be the kind of rubber-stamp gathering at which the delegates merely meet to approve Administration policies and nominate the man already in office.

National party conventions, of course, come only once in four years—not so far apart that we forget their purposes and atmosphere, but far enough apart so that we forget many of their details and procedures. Behind most of these procedures there is usually a long tradition, which often helps explain the method in the apparent madness of the convention.

TIME's booklet has a section on the history, highlights and highjinks of past conventions, as well as the customs and regulations that will guide the party gatherings this year. It also has box scores with which you can follow the voting, a presidential map of the U.S., an explanation of how Presidents are elected, a gallery of key political figures and a special section for your own personal record of the conventions.

In pulling together the material on political conventions and elections, the team that worked on the booklet found a mass of out-of-the-way information about our political parties and their operation, past & present. As you may know, the Constitution says nothing about parties and conventions and there has been no great body of federal law to regulate them. As a result, the parties grew like Topsy, developing their own rules as they went along.

Although states now regulate political parties closely, the national conventions are still, in a manner of speaking, on their own. No convention is bound by the rules of the last one, and surprises can be expected at any time.

TIME has tried to compress into the booklet as many such facts as are needed to make the conventions meaningful to the average voter and citizen. In addition to being a convention guide, the booklet is also designed as a personal record book, which you may wish to keep as a souvenir of one of the most important events of this decade.

Normal distribution of the booklet will be through the radio and television facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System and its local affiliates. But if you would like a copy for yourself, and perhaps another for a friend, you can have one by sending a card with your name & address and the name & address of one friend (the supply is limited) to TIME Convention, Box 1096, Chicago 90, Illinois.

After you have read it, or used it during the conventions, I would be interested in hearing whether you found it helpful, or in any other comments you might like to send.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn



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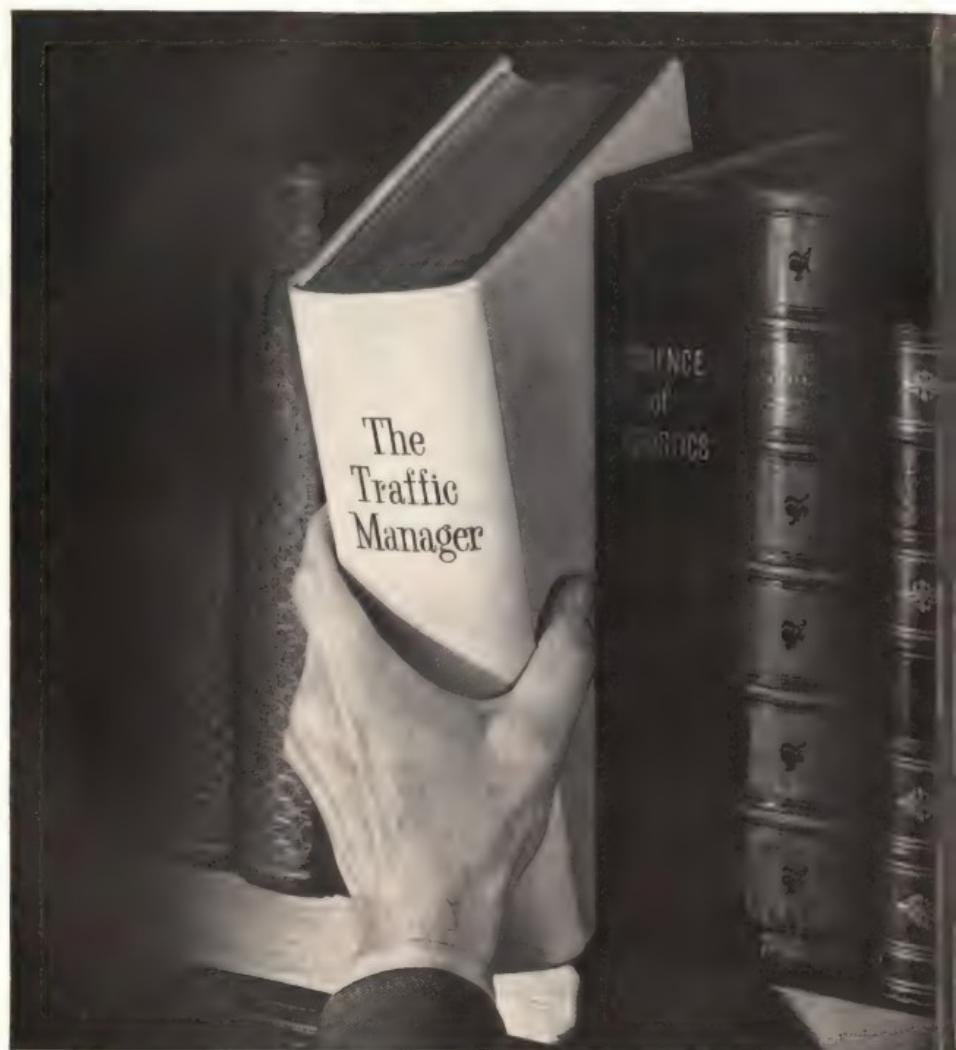
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about a Remarkable Man

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Do you still think of your traffic control as being in the hands of the "shipping and receiving department"? If you do (and you won't be alone), this story may open your eyes.

Historically, Traffic Management has meant the shipping of goods and materials in and out of the plant. It has come a long way during two world wars.

Today, Traffic Control is a science.

The study of routes, rates, carriers, schedules and regulations is still the basic job... more difficult and more complicated than ever.

But today your Traffic Department can provide an industrial organization with more than mere shipment of freight. For Traffic today touches every operation in Management, somewhere along the line. Let's look at a few examples.

Are you planning a new product? New source

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Traffic can contribute to each one of these decisions . . . from package design that cuts shipping charges, to proper site selection that means transportation savings when locating a new plant.

From time to time in this series of advertisements we're going to spotlight some of the ways a substantial part of alert Management is making full use of the industrial traffic manager's training and ability.

We think the story of the Traffic Manager is a good place to start.

We're going to do this for one reason: The Chesapeake and Ohio, as one of the great carriers of merchandise freight in the country, is anxious to support any program that will help to move goods more efficiently.



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Containment to Retaliation

A few sentences tucked into an Armed Forces Day address by Secretary of State Dean Acheson last week seemed to be the first open acknowledgment that the U.S. has at last moved on from containment to the more dynamic doctrine of retaliation.

Acheson seemed to be answering—and accepting, in a reserved sort of way—the vigorous call of Statesmen John Foster Dulles for meeting Communist aggression "by retaliatory action of our own fashioning" (TIME, May 19). Said the Secretary: "There has been a widespread misunderstanding that what we are seeking to create is a static containment situation. This is not at all the case.

"The function of the force we must build is to ensure that we shall continue to have freedom of choice . . . freedom to bring into play all the affirmative measures that have to do with the way people live, and that reflect the whole constructive outlook of America. The function of the force we must build is to prevent these opportunities from being foreclosed by the use of force from the other side . . . We believe that war will not happen if we can create in areas of political tension sufficient strength so that it will be absolutely clear in advance that any attack will run into difficulty. The strength of the free world must be organized in such a way that the aggressor would, at the outset, still be engaged in trouble at the point of attack when the full force of retaliation falls upon him. We believe, from the politico-military point of view, that this awareness on their part is the best way of preserving the security of our country, and of removing the temptation of attack."

Another sharp warning of retaliation came last week from Defense Secretary Robert A. Lovett. Angry denouncing the Reds' "abominable, malicious falsehood" that the U.S. is using disease germs and poison gas in Korea and China, Lovett said: "The Communist techniques . . . have usually been to charge someone else in advance with the crime they propose to commit." Then he added: If the Reds try bacteriological or poison-gas war, they will "open up a vast area which the decent world has abstained from using, [and] if they do, they'll lose just the same—they'll just wish they had never been born."

REPUBLICANS

To the Brown Palace

The Republican presidential race is in a later stage than many voters realize. The final phase will be the convention itself, but what happens in the seven weeks between now and the first ballot may be more important.

Usually at this time, there are six or



Associated Press
PENNSYLVANIA'S JOHN S. FINE
His 32 votes could do it.

seven candidates whose presence increases the possibility of a deadlock between the two leaders. The peculiarity of this contest is that it has narrowed down so sharply to two men. Other candidates are expected to have only about 100 of the 1,206 convention votes. Under those circumstances a prolonged deadlock is unlikely, even though the votes pledged to Taft and Eisenhower may be very close.

This week Taft has 367 first-ballot votes more or less nailed down by public commitment or election processes; Eisenhower has 338. In addition, there are a number of votes not definitely committed which can nevertheless be forecast with a fair degree of confidence (see box on next page). Adding these to the committed votes gives Taft 479, Ike 406.

This leaves 321 delegates who fall into three groups:

Other Candidates. Warren will have California's 76 and six from Wisconsin. Stassen has 26. The delegates pledged to both are known to prefer Ike over Taft. MacArthur has two committed delegates and will probably have a few more. He is urging his supporters to go for Taft.

Contested Delegations. There will almost certainly be rival Taft-Ike delegations from Texas (38), Georgia (17) and Louisiana (15). It is up to the convention to decide which delegation to seat. The rules provide that the party National Committee may seat a contested delegation temporarily while the contest is being decided. Taft men have a heavy majority of the National Committee. Taft will probably control more delegations than Ike, and therefore a majority of the credentials committee. A majority of the convention itself could reverse the credentials committee, and if Taft loses that fight it will be good evidence that he is beaten. If the Warren and Stassen votes are added to Ike's 406, he will have 508. If the three contested delegations are added to Taft's 479, he will have 549.

Uncommitted Delegates. These estimates leave 149 votes to be accounted for. Among them are some whose present inclination can be guessed. Most of the 149, however, are still on the fence. To the delegates, the most important factor in making up their minds will be the desire to back the winner. Thus the race has reached the stage where any unexpected gain of ten or 15 delegates might influence more delegates to come along.

Of the uncommitted, the largest bloc is controlled by Governor John Fine of Pennsylvania. That state's votes are split. Ike 20, Taft 18, and 32 standing in the middle with Fine. Pennsylvania's governor is a stout admirer of Douglas MacArthur. Presumably, MacArthur is urging Fine, as he has urged others, to vote for Taft. Fine, a fluid operator, is in a superb bargaining position and is taking his time, full of the knowledge that his decision, properly timed, may be the decisive factor in starting a landslide.

The next largest bloc of uncommitted votes is in Michigan. Taft has ten, Ike ten, and the remaining 26 are uncommitted. Their spokesman is National Committeeman Arthur Summerfield, whose leverage in the present situation is second only to Fine's.

Ike's Mission. From here on, the critical struggle is for the allegiance of the uncommitted 149. Moreover, some of the

885 more or less committed delegates may be swayed from one side to the other, especially toward whatever side seems to be making headway among the 149.

Ike's leaders are counting on him to do the most effective work in personal conversations after his return the week after next. Ike's mission in the period between his return and the convention is to corral a few score delegates, not to impress millions of voters. He has to be careful not to arouse the animosity of any large number of voters, but it is too late in the day for increased popular support to help him much with the delegates.

He will return June 1, make a speech in Abilene June 4, and then spend a week in New York. During this period he will talk to John Fine, among others. On June 14 he will move into the Brown Palace in Denver. To its door dozens of delegations are expected to beat their way. The Eisenhower personality and what Eisenhower tells them about his views may bring over enough of the fence-sitting 149 to make all the difference.

THE PRESIDENCY Down with McKinley

The ghost of an old romance kept haunting and embarrassing the Democrats, and it seemed high time for someone to do something about it. Four years ago Ike Eisenhower was the Democratic idol: in 1945 Harry Truman himself promised to help Ike get the presidency if he wanted it, and in 1948 a powerful bloc of Democratic liberals tried to dump Truman and run Ike at the Democratic Convention. Now Ike stood a good chance of getting the Republican nomination in July.

Last week Harry Truman, in rare political fettle, stood up before the fifth annual convention of the Americans for Democratic Action in Washington and got right to the point. "I understand," he said in reference to A.D.A.'s own 1948 Eisenhower leanings, "that four years ago—about this time—some of the leaders of A.D.A. were engaged in rather wild fancies about the presidential nomination . . . You were a young political organiza-

tion and you had not studied the history of conventions. A President of the United States, when he desires and when he wants to be nominated, there isn't anybody in the world can keep him from it."

With forgiveness established, Harry Truman laid down the 1952 line: no matter what Ike Eisenhower may be personally, he would be a prisoner of the isolationists once he became the G.O.P. candidate.

Tar Pits. "When I talk about the Republican Party here tonight," he went on, "I mean the dinosaur wing of the Republican Party—which unfortunately seems to be in control of that party. They are living in 1896 and 1920. They're made up of the Republicans of 1896 and 1920. And they worship William McKinley and Warren G. Harding . . . Even if the Republicans get a presidential candidate with a good record in foreign affairs, he will not be able to drown out the raucous isolationist outcries of the rest of the party."

With whistle-stop abandon, the President went on to track the dinosaur

HOW THEY STAND

A count of Republican delegates already chosen and committed this week gives Taft 367, Eisenhower 338. In addition, the votes of some other delegations (e.g., Connecticut) can be forecast with a high degree of probability. The tabulation below, compiled from reports of TIME correspondents, gives Taft 479, Ike 406. Necessary to nominate: 604.

ALABAMA—14. Taft expects at least 8; Ike men are fighting for 6.

ARIZONA—14. Convention gave Taft 10, Ike 2. Two uncommitted are likely to split 1 for Taft, 1 for Ike.

ARKANSAS—11. Convention gave Taft 7, Ike 1. Three uncommitted all lean to Ike.

CALIFORNIA—70. Primary expected to give Warren a solid 70. **COLORADO**—18. Taft 2, a blow to his assumptions; Ike 15. Stassen 1.

CONNECTICUT—22. Convention expected to give Ike all.

DELAWARE—12. Convention gave Taft 7, Ike 4; 1 delegate is uncommitted.

FLORIDA—18. State executive committee gave Taft 16, Ike 1; 1 delegate is uncommitted.

GEORGIA—17. Rival Ike and Taft delegations. Convention credentials committee must decide which to seat.

IDAHO—14. Convention gave Taft all.

ILLINOIS—60. Primary gave Taft 49, Ike 1. Taft is expected to get 10 more from the state convention.

INDIANA—32. Taft men expect 27; Ike men hope for 5.

IOWA—26. Conventions gave Ike 15, Taft 9. Two uncommitted likely to split 1 for Ike, 1 for Taft.

KANSAS—22. Conventions gave Ike 20, Taft 2.

KENTUCKY—20. Conventions gave Taft 10, Ike 1.

LOUISIANA—15. Rival delegations, a matter for the credentials committee.

MAINE—16. Conventions gave Ike 9, Taft 5, with others likely to go for Ike.

MARYLAND—24. Conventions expected to give Favorite Son Governor Theodore McKeldin 24. He may switch them all to Ike.

MASSACHUSETTS—38. Primary gave Ike 29, Taft 3. Six uncommitted are likely to split Ike 5, Taft 1.

MICHIGAN—46. Taft and Ike have to each, with Keyman Arthur Summerfield looking for the winner before committing the remaining 26.

MINNESOTA—28. Primary gave Stassen 24, Ike 4.

MISSISSIPPI—5. Taft's 5 will probably survive a credentials challenge.

MISSOURI—26. District meetings elected 17 for Ike, 5 for Taft; 4 others leaning to Ike.

MONTANA—8. Convention this week.

NEBRASKA—18. Primary gave Taft 16, Ike 1. One uncommitted expected to go to Taft.

NEVADA—12. Convention gave Taft 7, Ike 2. Three uncommitted expected to go to Taft.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—14. Primary gave Ike all 14.

NEW JERSEY—38. Primary gave Ike 31, Taft 6, Stassen 1.

NEW MEXICO—14. Unchosen. A 7-7 split expected.

NEW YORK—96. Taft hopes to wrest 6 or more from Ike.

NORTH CAROLINA—26. Taft 13, Ike 7, 6 wavering.

NORTH DAKOTA—14. Convention gave Taft 8, Ike 1; 5 uncommitted.

OHIO—56. Primary gave all to Taft.

OKLAHOMA—16. Conventions gave Taft 7, Ike 7, MacArthur 2.

OREGON—18. Primary gave Ike all 18.

PENNSYLVANIA—70. Ike has 20, Taft 18. Governor Fine could change some minds and, in addition, controls the remaining 32.

RHODE ISLAND—8. Convention gave Ike all 8.

SOUTH CAROLINA—6. Convention gave Taft all 6.

SOUTH DAKOTA—14. A close Taft-Ike fight in a June 3 primary.

TENNESSEE—20. Conventions gave Taft all 20.

TEXAS—38. Rival Taft and Ike delegations forecast.

UTAH—14. Convention gave Taft all 14.

VERMONT—12. Convention gave Ike all 12.

VERMONT—23. Taft will probably get 20, Ike 3.

WASHINGTON—24. Convention this week.

WEST VIRGINIA—16. Primary gave Taft 15, Ike 1.

WISCONSIN—30. Primary gave Taft 24, Warren 6.

WYOMING—12. Convention gave Taft 6, Ike 2. Four uncommitted likely to split 3 for Ike, 1 for Taft.

ALASKA—3. Convention gave Taft all 3.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—6. Convention expected to give Taft all 6.

HAWAII—8. Convention chose 8 unpledged delegates. Two lean to Taft.

PUERTO RICO—3. Convention expected to give Taft all 3.

VIRGIN ISLANDS—1. Convention gave its 1 to Ike.

through his favorite tar pit, the Republican 80th Congress. There, he said, the G.O.P. proved that it was "after the farmers," "after all wage earners," and "after organized labor." Today the Old Guard is trying "to preserve high profits for the steel companies ('I think they want a strike')" and "prevent wage increases for the steelworkers. That shows exactly where the Old Guard stands. It shows that their hearts lie with the corporations and not with the working people."

He had a special political harb for Ike. Last March Ike lined up with the states which want to transfer the rich offshore oil lands from federal control back to state control. "That is just what the oil lobby wants," said Truman. "Talk about corruption. Talk about stealing from the people. That would be robbery in broad daylight—and on a colossal scale. It would make Teapot Dome look like small change . . . I intend to stand up and fight to protect the people's interest in this matter." Since a bill to return the Tidelands to the states was already on its way from Congress to the White House for signature, this seemed a clear signal that the President would veto it.

Trojan Horse Suggestions. Having slashed at the dinosaur, Harry Truman told the Democrats how to make big broad tracks of their own. "The first rule in my book," he said, "is that we have to stick by the liberal principles of the Democratic Party . . . The people don't want any phony Democrat . . . and I don't want any phony Democrats in this campaign. We are getting a lot of suggestions to the effect that we ought to water down our platform . . . These, my friends, are Trojan Horse suggestions.

"I have been in politics for over 40 years and I know what I'm talking about, and I believe I know something about the business. One thing I am sure of: never, never throw away a winning program. This is so elementary that I suspect the people handing out this advice are not really well-wishers of the Democratic Party." The winning program is still "the New Deal and the Fair Deal," and it includes, he said (to the distress of Democratic National Chairman Frank McKinney, who was trying in Chicago to patch up a compromise with the Southerners), a firm stand on civil rights. "I am sure that the liberal faith is the political faith of the great majority of Americans . . . and that is why, this time, as in 1948, we will win."

DEMOCRATS

Patricia on the Sidewalks

Candidate Averell Harriman, who had been taking political instruction from his managers until 2 a.m., climbed out of bed at 7 o'clock one morning last week in his elegant Manhattan town house. He barely had time to zip through a shave and into a grey worsted suit before the doorknob rang. His first guests were ten representatives of the A.F.L. building and construction trades, and while Harriman walked



Tommy Weber

CANDIDATE HARRIMAN
"I am the Democrat to beat."

them across the red dining-room carpet past the French panels, a flying wedge of television cameramen, newsmen and campaign assistants moved in too. They recorded the scene as the labor men chomped their bacon & eggs and listened while Harriman scored the "punitive" Taft-Hartley Act and promised 100% support to the New & Fair deals.

At 10 o'clock, Honest Ave took his wife's arm and walked to his 1939 Lincoln Zephyr. The TV cameras asked him to do it again. He obliged, and this time, with a determined smile, reached out to pump the hand of a surprised Department of Sanitation streetcleaner. Then the Harrimans were off for the politician's tour of the city.

At a housing project in Upper Manhattan, they dropped in on the Phil Frankels, and, for the cameras, Harriman bravely tried to hold squalling one-year-old Jay Frankel. He went on to Harlem, then stopped near the Brooklyn Bridge to pay homage to the statue of Al Smith.

Man to Beat. Averell Harriman is the only candidate in history to arrive on the sidewalks of New York via a lifetime of private railroad cars, first-class steamships, private airplanes and chauffeur-driven limousines. He is worth some \$40 million and owner of homes in Manhattan, Long Island, the Hudson Valley, Hobo Sound (Fla.), Sun Valley and Paris. But he is possessed with a patrician's best instinct for public service, decency and generosity. As adviser, errand boy and global troubleshooter for Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, he has always been selfless, tireless—and available. When he was sworn in for his present job as director of the Mutual Security Administration, Presidential Secretary Matt Connelly quipped: "Averell, isn't this the eighth time you've been sworn in? It's about time you learned to hold a job."

In March, at Washington's Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner, Harriman was seated at the head table when Harry Truman

broke the news that he would not run again. In the confusion that followed, New York Democratic Chairman Paul Fitzpatrick grabbed Harriman and said: "Averell, you've got to be a candidate to hold New York together." Harriman assented on the spot, and set to work with characteristic doggedness to make himself not only a favorite son but a man of the people. By last week, he could shout like any other candidate: "I am the Democrat to beat"—and say it without coughing at his own chest-thumping.

Graduate Vice President. Harriman was raised on the 20,000-acre family estate at Arden, N.Y., built by old E. H. Harriman's Union Pacific Railroad profits and other phenomenally successful Wall Street ventures. Averell was a senior at Yale when he was elected to U.P.'s board of directors, and he graduated ('13) into a vice-presidency of the railroad. He was studious in his business dealings, invested carefully in shipping, commercial aviation and investment banking (Brown Brothers Harriman & Co.). In 1928—irritated by Republican high-tariff policy—he turned Democrat and began the first of a series of investments in the Democratic Party.

While he was board chairman of the Union Pacific, Harriman went to Washington as one of Franklin Roosevelt's "tame millionaires" to help out in NRA. His old friend Harry Hopkins—whom he had met at a Long Island croquet party in pre-New-Deal days—eventually pulled him into the White House vortex. Harriman's first big job for F.D.R. was to work out the provisions of Lend-Lease aid to Britain. His second assignment was to get aid to Russia, and in 1943 he was appointed Ambassador to Moscow. Harriman was never dazzled by the Communists' dream, was skeptical of the Kremlin's power politics as early as 1943. Two years later he officially warned Washington

* Visiting the Phil Frankels with Mrs. Harriman (second from left).

that a weak China would invite quick, dangerous Russian influence in Asia.

Harry Truman brought him home from the London embassy to replace Henry Wallace as Secretary of Commerce. In the Cabinet he pushed the Truman Doctrine and aid to Greece, and his Committee on Foreign Aid drafted the working basis for the Marshall Plan. In 1948 Harriman became ECA chief in Europe under Paul Hoffman, and last October—after an interlude as Harry Truman's foreign-relations adviser—he moved in as chief of ECA's successor, the MSA.

Holf Holiday, Harriman knows how to delegate large chunks of authority to his subordinates, yet worries over misplaced commas. He frequently forgets who is doing what job, yet can still recite from memory the call-down of his class roster at Groton. Gaunt, relaxed and notably stoop-shouldered, he drives himself from 8 a.m. until past midnight, and expects his staff to have the same endurance. Once he assigned an aide a job at 2 a.m. and was on the telephone at 7 a.m. to ask how it was coming. On another occasion, he strode out of his office at 5 p.m. and announced over his shoulder: "Today's a half holiday."

He is still shy and tense with strangers. He avoids cocktail parties as a waste of time, but loves dining out with people he knows, keeps a well-stocked cellar for home entertaining. (Quipped friend Alexander Woolcott when Harriman became ambassador to London: "Oh to be in England now that Averell's there.") Like many a millionaire, he is thoughtful about pocket money, one day had to borrow a nickel and a penny from his legal counsel to get a candy bar and a handful of peanuts (his lunch) from a White House vending machine.

Pole Vault. Democratic politicos know Harriman can never hope to rival Estes Kefauver as a handshaker and winner of popularity contests. Instead, they have mapped a speaking tour through a dozen odd cities from Boston to San Francisco just so delegates and the professional pols can get to know Harriman. If Adlai Stevenson definitely bows out and Harry Truman gives the nod, Harriman might possibly vault into the nomination on the strength of boss-controlled votes—without having entered a single primary.

Once nominated, Harriman would doubtless draw all the New Deal-Fair Deal support and the endorsement of organized labor. Like Stevenson, Harriman has the handicap of a past divorce (his second wife is the ex-wife of Cornelius Vanderbilt II ("Sonny") Whitney). Against Taft, his strong foreign-policy record might bring in some of the independent vote, but would pale as an asset if Eisenhower is the G.O.P. candidate.

But Candidate Harriman, out on the sidewalks, allows himself to think about none of the discouraging factors. He is committed to the old American principle that any man, if he works hard and long enough, can rise above his beginnings to be President of the U.S.

POLITICS

The General v. Generals

For months Eisenhower supporters have believed that Douglas MacArthur was preparing a blow at their candidate. It was expected to land with an earthshaking thud, probably in the course of MacArthur's speech to the Republican Convention. Last week, in a speech to the Michigan legislature, MacArthur unleashed his missile. He named no names, but his remarks boiled down to a warning that a



International
MACARTHUR IN LANSING
Sour grapes among the laurels.

military man should not be President.

Said MacArthur: "The history of the world shows that republics and democracies have generally lost their liberties by way of passing from civilian to a quasi-military status. Nothing is more conducive to arbitrary rule than the military mentality. It would be a tragic development indeed if this generation was forced to look to the rigidity of military dominance and discipline to redeem it from the tragic failure of a civilian administration. It might well destroy our historic and wise concept which holds to the supremacy of the civil power."

Apparently the old soldier has changed his mind about generals as Presidents. In March 1948, not long before the Wisconsin presidential primary (in which he was roundly defeated), he announced that he was available for the Republican nomination. Only last March, while saying that he was not a candidate in this campaign, he referred to another statement in which he said he would not "shrink . . . from accepting any public duty."

Perhaps because the public remembered his own past willingness to run, perhaps for other reasons, the MacArthur thrust failed to create any great stir. Among the great man's well-deserved laurels nestled a bunch of slightly sour grapes.

13 for Ike

At Vermont's Republican convention in Montpelier last week, traditions toppled like tenpins. First, the 921 delegates repudiated the pro-Taft old guard by a 3-1 majority and elected twelve Eisenhower men to go to Chicago. Then they formally instructed the delegation to vote for Ike—break with the custom of sending officially uncommitted delegations. Finally, they chose Eisenhower's state campaign manager—Edward G. Janaway, a one-time Wall Street broker—as Vermont's national committeeman. It was the first time in memory that the job did not go to a lifetime Vermonter.

Results elsewhere last week:

¶ Vermont Democrats chose ten delegates (with six votes), all unpledged.
¶ Washington state Democrats picked 32 delegates (with 22 votes), most of whom favor Kefauver, and heard a stem-winder speech by Candidate Robert Kerr. Sample passage: "Eisenhower hasn't committed himself on anything. He is the nation's only living unknown soldier."

¶ North Dakota Republicans chose eight Taft men, one Ike man and five uncommitted delegates to go to Chicago.

¶ North Dakota Democrats elected 16 unpledged delegates (with eight votes).

¶ Hawaii Republicans received assurances that both Taft and Eisenhower would support statehood for the islands, then elected eight uncommitted delegates.

Tit for Tat

Aware that Oregon was probably an Eisenhower state, Senator Taft prudently kept his name out of the popularity contest in last week's primary. But in the confused race among 50-odd candidates for the state's 18 delegates to the Republican convention, a Taft-Ike battle developed anyway. On the eve of the vote, the Ike forces grumpily conceded that Taft might win three or four of the delegates.

The gloominess vanished as the returns came in. This week, with the count nearly completed, Eisenhower had carried all 18 delegates, swept 68% of the Republican vote. California's Governor Earl Warren, who chose Oregon for his most ambitious campaign to date, got 16%.

In the Democratic primary, Estes Kefauver, who was unopposed, collected another twelve delegates and a thumping majority (73%) of the vote—plus a pair of live raccoons presented to him during his three-day tour of the hustings.

In last week's West Virginia primary, the Oregon situation was reversed. With the local Republican machine solidly behind Taft, Eisenhower's name was not entered. Taft defeated Harold Stassen, his only opponent in the popularity contest, by a four-to-one margin. Taft was equally successful in squelching an effort to steal two or three of the state's 16 Republican delegates for Eisenhower. He won all but one. On the Democratic side, there was no contest; the 20 delegates elected will go to Chicago uninstructed.

THE SUPREME COURT An Extraordinary Case

Sharply at noon one day last week, a crier in a cutaway coat cracked his gavel in the crowded marble chambers of the U.S. Supreme Court. The electric buzzing of voices gave way to a soft shuffling, as lawyers and spectators got to their feet. Out from a break in a heavy red velvet curtain came black-robed Chief Justice Fred Vinson, followed by the eight associate Justices. After each had settled into a high-back leather chair, Vinson hunched forward and read from the court calendar: "No. 744, Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, et al., versus Charles Sawyer. No. 745, Charles Sawyer versus the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, et al."

It was a tense moment in the history of man's attempt to govern himself under law. Technically, the court was about to hear argument on the injunction granted in Federal Judge Daniel Pine's court to the steel industry (TIME, May 12), restraining Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer from seizing the mills; the injunction had been stayed by the Appeals Court pending the Supreme Court decision. Actually, the nine Justices were there to decide whether the President of the U.S. had violated the fundamental law of the land.

The Greatest Spot. The case against the President lay in the hands of the chief counsel of the United States Steel Corp. He was John William Davis, at 79 a man of square-shouldered dignity, whose full, pink face was set off by heavy white eyebrows and silvery white hair.

As a young man, he had twice been

elected to Congress from West Virginia. From 1913 to 1918 he was Woodrow Wilson's solicitor general, went to London (1918-21) as U.S. ambassador, came home to be nominated (after 103 ballots) as the Democratic candidate for President, and was roundly beaten by Cal Coolidge. Senior partner of a first-line Manhattan law firm, he had argued 136 cases before the Supreme Court. He looked thoroughly at home in his black sack coat and striped trousers, as he sat calmly in the lawyers' section waiting for the proceedings to begin.

Across the aisle from Davis sat Harry Truman's ablest defender, U.S. Solicitor General (and Acting Attorney General) Philip Benjamin Perlman. In appearance, Perlman, 62, was rough where Davis was smooth. His swallow-tailed coat was ill-fitting, and he wore it awkwardly; his heavy features and unruly hair marked him as one of the homeliest men in Washington. But Phil Perlman is a thoroughgoing lawyer. He began studying law while he was a newspaper reporter in Baltimore, was appointed assistant attorney general and secretary of state of Maryland while in his late 20s, Maryland's ex-Senator Millard Tydings helped him get the job of U.S. solicitor general in 1947. ("The greatest spot in the world for a lawyer," he says. "An opportunity to represent the greatest government in the world before the greatest court in the world.") Since then he has argued more cases than any other solicitor general in history; out of a total of 61, he has lost only ten.

Bind the Man Down. At a nod from Vinson, John Davis strode forward to build his case against Harry Truman. Had the President seized the steel plants under authority of any statute? He had not. He had, in fact, declined to use the Taft-Hartley Act, Congress's remedy for heading off important labor-management disputes. "Having that weapon at hand, any effort on his part to forge a new and different weapon only aggravates the claim of usurpation which we are compelled to make. There was no statutory framework for this seizure. What then?"

"What then?" he repeated rhetorically. "There can be only one other source of power under which seizure can be deduced—the Constitution." Like a preacher reciting Holy Writ, Davis listed the presidential powers granted in Article II of the Constitution. When he came to the passage charging the President with faithful execution of the laws, he looked up sharply. "What must he take care that he execute faithfully? The laws. He cannot himself proclaim the law and then execute it. The masters of the law are the members of Congress."

Toward the end of his case, Counselor Davis paused, set his gaze on the high, coffered ceiling, and softly quoted the words that Jefferson wrote in the Kentucky Resolutions, which in a sentence sums up the theory that public officials are servants of the law: "In questions of power, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution."

Power & Circumstance. Davis walked back to his seat and mopped his lips with a white linen handkerchief as Phil Perlman lumbered up to the lectern. Perlman plunged directly into his principal defense: the President seized Big Steel because the safety of the U.S. demanded that the plants be kept open. Truman was not usurping powers of Congress; he had invited Congress to pass a law covering the situation the day after the seizure. "The President said he would abide by whatever Congress did," said Perlman. "He made that crystal-clear." Birdlike little Justice Frankfurter squeaked in agitation, "Are you suggesting that because Congress did not act that that confirmed the President's action?" he asked. You could infer, said Perlman weakly, that Congress was content to let the President's action stand.

"Did the President depend on any specific power?" asked slow-moving Justice Black. "We rely first on the Constitution," said Perlman.

"You're not relying on the war powers?" pressed Douglas. "No, sir," replied Perlman, "we think the power is in the Constitution . . . We say that the sources of power must be considered in the light of the circumstances."

Frankfurter was almost airborne with agitation. Shaking his finger at Perlman, he piped: "Sources don't derive from circumstances!"

The End of It. When Perlman tried to show that Franklin Roosevelt seized the plants of the strikebound North American Aviation Corp. in 1941 on precisely the same grounds, he was brought up short by Justice Jackson, who was Roosevelt's Attorney General at the time. North Ameri-



LAWYER PERLMAN
From war, necessity.



LAWYER DAVIS
From Jefferson, restraint.

can had direct Government contracts and a lot of Government-owned material and machinery, said Jackson, and anyway, the owners "all but acquiesced in the seizure." None of this applied in steel. replied Perlman with a twinkle: "We think what Your Honor said [in that case] is fully applicable here." Cracked Frankfurter: "He wasn't His Honor when he said it."

Pressed on the constitutional issue, Perlman doubled back on his earlier answer about war powers and shouted: "This is an extraordinary case—an extraordinary case calling for all the authority of Government to avert a national catastrophe. We are at war. This is wartime." Jackson's eyebrows went up. Hasn't the President "expressly disclaimed" that this is war, and called Korea "a police action"? Perlman, trapped in another one of Harry

to miss the chance to hammer out one of the most important constitutional decisions in U.S. history. Said Justice Jackson wryly, as the court rose to retreat behind its dark red curtain: "Arguments just begin when counsel are through."

LABOR

"Go to Hell!"

To Philadelphia trooped 2,500 convention delegates of the Steelworkers Union, buffing, puffing and spooling for an old-style knockdown, dragout strike against the steel companies. From Boss Phil Murray down, the unionists appeared fed up with seizure. They had not objected to it at first, when it seemed the quickest way to a big wage raise and the union shop. But expectation had turned to frustration



SECRETARY TOBIN GETS A BADGE FROM MURRAY*
He won the fawning contest.

International

Truman's conveniences of the moment, struggled gamely: "You can say without contradiction by anybody that we are in a war condition."

It was Jackson who most clearly voiced the question that has nagged at the U.S. ever since Harry Truman's impulsive seizure of April 8: "The trouble is, where do you put the limitation? I don't see where any commodity, not just steel, couldn't be affected. I just don't know where the end of it is." Perlman's reply was softly serious, and in the letter and spirit of a government of law, "The end of it," he said, "is always in this court."

Strange Friends. The sharp questioning of the solicitor general did not necessarily mean that the court had made up its mind against Harry Truman. There is a possibility that the court can duck the whole constitutional issue and rule that the steel companies ought not to get their injunction unless they can first prove "irreparable" damages. But Washington's hunch last week was that the court was not likely

as their collective bargaining demands bogged down in the court test of seizure's constitutionality.

Murray hit the convention's mood with his opening speech. "When all of the legalistic aspects are thrust aside," he cried, "eventually an agreement has to be arrived at, because whatever the courts may have to do with respect to your bread & butter . . . you and the industry will have to settle that when the courts are through . . ."Flushed and angry, Murray reviewed the dispute and its bitter stalemate. "We can't get collective bargaining in the U.S. today," he said, "and the President says you can't strike because you will injure our national defense effort. Well, what do you do? You respect the rules . . ."

Hit the Bricks. The convention made clear that it blamed the steel companies, not President Truman, for the seizure,

and that the union would not strike against the Government—i.e., so long as seizure is not voided by the courts. But the unionists were chafing and champing under the rules.

They showed their temper in threats to "hit the bricks" and "shut down the steel industry tight and let it rot until hell freezes over." Once, Murray brought the house down with an impassioned elaborating of the companies: "I say to them 'Go to hell,' and I mean it . . ."

They had ringing cheers, too, for guest speakers from their ally, the Truman Administration, who tumbled over one another in their efforts to flatter the steelworkers. Vice President Alben Barkley gave them his congratulations for their "fairness" and "consideration." To the steel companies, the Veep gave the back of his hand. "It is un-American," he said, "for any group . . . to defy . . . the verdict of a Government agency . . ." (He meant steel's unwillingness to accept WSB recommendations, although they are not binding on disputants.) For the Veep it was quite a speech, but it was Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin who won the fawning contest. After Phil Murray had pinned a convention badge on him, Tobin said "I don't feel any obligation to be impartial . . . I have stood heart and soul and spirit behind the United Steelworkers . . ."

An Insult. The convention's key business was a resolution on the steel dispute. "We cannot and will not," it said "continue indefinitely to work in 1952 for 1950 wages, and working conditions . . ." But the resolution, still playing by the rules of Government seizure, set no deadline for strike action.

Just as the convention was ending, Murray read a telegram from Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, Government boss of the steel mills. Sawyer said he had "information regarding sporadic damage . . . by reason of the lack of necessary standby arrangements to safeguard equipment" during the brief strike at April's end. Cried Murray: "An insult . . . [Sawyer] is no friend . . ."

What really irked the steelworkers' boss was the fact that Sawyer had not raised wages and granted the union shop before the courts ordered working conditions frozen. Whoever's not with us, Murray was saying in effect, is against us.

SEQUELS

Plastic Surgery

When the aircraft carrier *Wasp* began her precarious trip back to port after her mid-Atlantic collision with the destroyer-minesweeper *Hobson* (TIME, May 5), it seemed doubtful that she could be repaired in less than three months. Her whole lower bow had been chewed out, and a section of her hull 75 ft. long and 30 ft. high was missing. It was a blow to the Navy: ship, crew and air group had been painstakingly readied to replace another carrier in the Mediterranean.

Rear Admiral Roy T. Cowdrey, who commands naval shipyards in the New

* Center: David McDonald, the union's secretary-treasurer.

York area, began an audacious piece of improvisation. While the *Wasp* was still far at sea, he sent hull-repair experts racing out on a destroyer to intercept her; they surveyed the damaged bow and radioed their findings. In New York, Admiral Cowdrey ordered a matching bow section removed from the *Wasp's* sister ship, the *Hornet*—which was being modernized at Brooklyn—and floated to Bayonne, N.J., on a barge. The new bow was fitted into place after the battered *Wasp* was drydocked.

Seven hundred navy-yard workers, working shifts around the clock, began what was to be one of the most amazing major repairs of a capital ship in U.S. naval history. The job cost approximately \$1,000,000. This week, only ten days after limping into port, the *Wasp* was reloaded and ready again for sea.

ILLINOIS

The Case of the Jailhouse Cat

When slim, 29-year-old ex-Convict LeLand Ferre was locked up in the little county jail at Monticello, Ill. (pop. 2,612) last March, Sheriff Jason Ripperdam couldn't help feeling sorry for him. Ferre had been indicted for burglarizing a filling station, two stores and a couple of houses. But a chest infection had left him looking sickly. On top of that, he was a local boy. When a doctor advised that Ferre be given "as much freedom as possible," the sheriff felt it his neighborly duty to agree.

Early last month, while taking his exercise, Ferre snatched the key to his cell and made a soap impression of it. A little later he rambled over to McKinley's Hardware Store and lifted a couple of files and a metal saw. Working at leisure, he made himself a cell key from a piece of metal bed slat and, thus equipped, went back into the burglary business.

One night he slipped out of the jail and stole \$485 worth of clothing and luggage from Burgin Bros. store; he hid the loot in the shrubbery outside the jail, sauntered back inside and locked himself up. On another expedition he stole \$73 from Raycraft's Drugstore. His ambition growing, he lifted the courthouse keys from the sheriff's pocket, made a nocturnal visit to the vault containing the records of his burglary case. Though he failed to open it, he eased the sting of defeat by swiping \$23 from the sheriff's desk.

One night as he sneaked out, the jail cat sneaked out with him. Ferre tiptoed frantically around the jail lawn after it for half an hour. The cat was always one jump ahead of him, and after he retreated, it hopped up on the sheriff's window and meowed. The sheriff was absolutely certain that he had locked the cat in the jail. The next day, full of unspeakable suspicion, the sheriff moved Ferre to a new cell. Another prisoner found the home-made key. Ferre confessed.

"It sure has knocked my faith in human nature for a loop," said the sheriff morosely. "I don't even trust my deputy no more."

WOMEN

G.F.W.C. Prexy

An indefatigable clubwoman, Mrs. Oscar A. Ahlgren of Whiting, Ind., belongs to so many committees, pursues so varied and vigorous a round of civic activities that, as her lawyer-husband says, "It stuns me." Last week Mrs. Ahlgren took the top honor in her field: she was elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs (membership: nearly 11,000).

Dedicated to the proposition that women should become more absorbed in the affairs of their communities, Mrs. Ahlgren joined the Federation of Women's Clubs two decades ago. A fluent, able public speaker, she has taken part in national, state and local movements to sell bonds,



Associated Press

MILDRED AHLGREN
In Who's Who, 27 lines.

encourage youth, preserve historical records, promote the arts, combat Communism, foster child welfare, etc. The roster of her activities takes 27 lines in *Who's Who*. Among other things, she is a Congregationalist, Republican, special correspondent of the Hammond (Ind.) *Times*, member of the League of Women Voters, the Order of the Eastern Star and the American Legion Women's Auxiliary. Her husband, who says he "glories in Mildred's achievements," has a busy record in civic affairs, too; he served from 1921-31 in the Indiana legislature, once ran unsuccessfully for the U.S. Congress. The Ahlgrens have one daughter, now married and living in Texas.

As the G.F.W.C.'s new head, Mrs. Ahlgren promptly took a stand on two controversial issues that came up during last week's convention in Minneapolis: she praised a resolution backing the U.N.; she explained the membership's decision not to back federal aid to education. "We believe," she said, "in states' rights."

MANNERS & MORALS

Girls! Girls! Girls!

*Who's that knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.*

Within three days last week, both Boston and New Haven were treated to a revival of a U.S. college phenomenon which used to occur with seasonal regularity back before World War II cast a sobering influence upon campus life: the spring riot.

The uproar at Yale began when a Good Humor man and an ice-cream vendor known as a Humpty-Dumpty man began squabbling over a choice parking place. A cop intervened, and students by the hundreds streamed into the street, where they spent two hours shooting firecrackers, waving banners, letting the air out of tires, and jeering at the cops.

The Harvard brawl took place after 1,500 students, gathered in Harvard Square to nominate Pogo, the comic-strip opossum, for President of the U.S., stayed on to battle the unsympathetic Cambridge cops for four hours. Both riots served chiefly to dramatize a newer and more outlandish form of campus disturbance which took form March 20, when a mob of University of Michigan males suddenly headed for the women's dormitories to steal and brandish girls' underwear.

Since the "pantie riot" at Ann Arbor, no U.S. coed has been sure that she would not be victimized by one. So far, pantie riots have broken out on at least 16 U.S. campuses. Most of them followed a set pattern. First came the rumble of the approaching male mob, a signal which sent every red-blooded girl running to a window. Then came an exchange of hoots, jeers, cries and threats between street and dormitory, the indignant protests of a faculty member, the struggle with hastily summoned cops. Then came the invasion, the slamming of doors, the thump of feet, the snatching of panties and brassières (usually laid out handily in advance).

Last week "pantie riots" seemed to be bursting out faster than ever. Three thousand students at the University of Miami battered down a heavy wire fence, threw tomatoes and oranges at the cops, invaded ten women's dormitories and got away with armloads of lingerie. Shrieked the girls: "Come on up!" In upper Manhattan, a mob of Columbia University students filled the street below Barnard College dormitories, milled about for hours while the girls waved panties from their windows.

At week's end authorities at hundreds of U.S. colleges had begun to react almost like early settlers anticipating an Indian attack. The director of women's residence halls at Indiana University hopefully set out a barrelful of female undergarments in the hope that males would help themselves and go home quietly. Psychiatrists had a field day attempting to explain the phenomenon. But Zoologist Alfred (Sexual Behavior in the Human Male) Kinsey remained calm: "All animals," said he, "play around."

NEWS IN PICTURES



United Press
PERPENDICULAR JETS: British Meteor FR9s, wing-to-wing in spectacular close-formation drill, shoot straight up, 10,000 feet at assault speed, in Suez Canal Zone.



Associated Press
TULIP TIME brought 100,000 to Holland, Mich., to dance the *klompen* with Gov. "Soapy" Williams.



"PRESENTATION OF ELEPHANTS," at which visiting French Minister of State Jean Letourneau



THE UNITED STATES, biggest (51,500 tons) passenger ship ever built in the U.S., steams out of Newport News, Va. on trial run.

Associated Press
Designed to break the *Queen Mary's* transatlantic speed record, the \$70 million ship sails July 3 on maiden voyage from New York.



International
personally met 300 elephants and 50 Moi chiefs, took place at Banmethuot HQ of Viet Nam's Chief of State, Bao Dai.



U.S. Air Force—Associated Press
ARCTIC CACHE: Supplies left by Peary's 1909 North Pole expedition were found intact by Alaskan Air Command crew charting polar weather conditions.

WAR IN ASIA

TRUCE TALKS

SALVAGE

There is no such thing as an absolutely inextricable position.

—Nikolai Lenin

Good Communists, following Lenin's doctrine, will try to salvage what they can even from the most disheartening setback. At Panmunjom last week, the Communist negotiators were making a fairly effective job of it.

The Reds had suffered a tremendous setback in prestige and solidarity when 100,000 of the U.N.'s prisoners, including some 60,000 Chinese and North Korean soldiers, voted against repatriation. To retrieve the situation, the Communist high command in North Korea, apparently working through a grapevine to the prisoners on Koje Island, engineered the kidnaping of General Dodd. They also presumably directed the ensuing parleys which produced the astounding message from General Colson that the U.N. had been guilty of "forcible screening" (TIME, May 19), a statement which is either meaningless or untrue.

That was just what Nam Il needed. In one of the true tents Nam read from Colson's message and declared: "Your absurd principle of voluntary repatriation has collapsed in utter bankruptcy."

U.N. correspondents had never seen Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy so angry as he was last week. "You mouth this nonsense in the hope your misguided subjects will thereby be deceived and will continue to remain supine while you lead them and the world into more bloodshed and destruction," he said. "You dare not admit . . . the truth that many thousands of the personnel formerly under your control would choose death to returning to your side. [Only that] stands in the way of an armistice. There is no other issue."

Again & again, Joy suggested an indefinite suspension of the truce talks, for if the Communists would not accept the final U.N. offer, there was no more to say. Nam blandly insisted on meeting every day. The Communists, he said, wanted to put the "truth" before the world. Nam, in effect, dared the U.N. itself to break off the talks, and counted on the U.N.'s obvious reluctance to do so.

GENEVA PRIMER

At Panmunjom last week the Communists accused the U.S. of "tearing up the Geneva Convention" in its treatment of war prisoners. It was not the first time the Communists had used the Convention as a propaganda weapon in ways which showed that they had at least read its text. Herewith a few questions & answers on the Convention, with special pertinence to the situation in Korea:

Q.: What is the Geneva Convention?

A.: An international agreement first signed in 1864 for the protection of wounded left on battlefields. It was later revised and enlarged to extend protection to other victims of war, including prisoners. The latest revision was signed in 1949 by 61 nations, including the U.S. and Soviet Russia. In general, it provides that the "detaining power" must treat its prisoners humanely, providing adequate food, shelter, clothing, recreational facilities, medical care, etc. The Convention forbids "collective punishment for individual acts, corporal punishment, imprisonment in premises without daylight, and in general, any form of torture or cruelty."

Q.: Is the U.S. bound by the terms of the Convention?

A.: Although the U.S. signed the 1949 revision, the U.S. Senate has not ratified it and thus, as a treaty, it is not technically binding. But the U.S. Government has formally declared that it will abide by the 1949 revision. The governments of Communist China and North Korea are not signatories, and have repeatedly violated the Convention, most notably by preventing Red Cross or other outside inspection of their prison camps.

Q.: Does the Geneva Convention forbid biological weapons, atomic weapons and poison gas in war?

A.: No. The Convention does not deal with methods of warfare.

Q.: Does the Convention forbid a detaining power to interrogate war prisoners on their political beliefs?

A.: No. But the Convention provides that "no torture, nor any other form of coercion may be inflicted on prisoners to secure information of any kind." The Communists claim that coercion was used in the U.N.'s repatriation balloting—but rejected a U.N. offer to come see for themselves.

Q.: What does the Convention say about "voluntary repatriation"?

A.: Nothing. It states flatly that all prisoners "shall be released and repatriated without delay after the cessation of active hostilities." The clause assumes that all prisoners would go home if free to do so. If the North Korean and Chinese Communist governments were bound by the Convention, the U.S. would probably have to repatriate all prisoners.

Q.: Is it possible to punish prisoners under the Convention?

A.: Yes, provided the punishment is the same as for comparable offenses in the detaining power's own army.

PRISONERS

THE BOOBIES

What should Brigadier General Francis T. Dodd have done when the Communist prisoners on Koje Island seized him? An infuriated Pentagon general said privately last week that, as soon as Dodd was in telephone communication with his successor, Brigadier General Charles Colson, he should have said: "Come in and get me. Use all the guns and force you need. If I die, the hell with it." Even if Dodd had made no such demand, the Pentagon man continued, Colson should have sent a force into the compound. Colson and Dodd would have been heroes, although Dodd might also have been a casualty: at any rate the day would have been saved.

Instead, all over the free world last week people were saying that U.S. military men have no more political sense than so many boobies. Red China newspapers screamed that a U.S. general had confessed atrocities. At Tokyo's Haneda airport, General Mark Wayne Clark, the new Far East commander, watched his predecessor, General Matt Ridgway, fly happily off to the U.S., leaving Clark with a mess on his hands. Ample portions of blame had already been meted out to the two squirming brigadiers, Dodd and Colson, but some blame would undoubtedly fall on Ridgway and on the Eighth Army's Van Fleet.

Comes the Bull. After a three-hour telecon talk with the Pentagon, Clark moved to set things to rights. He had already fired Colson as commandant; he now repudiated Colson's concessions as having "no validity whatsoever." Clark sent a tough, Chinese-speaking combat commander, Brigadier General Haydon Lemaire Boatner, to take over on Koje, followed by the battle-seasoned 187th Airborne Regiment, 3,000 men strong.

General Boatner has two nicknames: "Buster" and "the Bull." At 18 he was a Marine Corps private. After World War II, he went to West Point, saw long service in China, and in World War II was chief of staff to General Joseph Stilwell. In the CBI theater he was known as a hard-driving character who spoke his mind. In Korea, as assistant commander of the 2nd Infantry Division, he fought at Heartbreak Ridge. He became Koje's 14th commander in 16 months.

Bull's Problem. He announced his policy was to be "tough but fair." Asked about negotiations with the prisoners, he barked: "Prisoners do not negotiate."

This week U.S. guards were still staying out of the Communist stockades. The prisoners were still displaying flags and signs. The ringleaders from other compounds who had been admitted to compound 76 (where the Dodd abduction occurred) were still there, and refused to leave. If Bull Boatner could rectify those matters without further violence, he would be a very exceptional general indeed.

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

Point for the West

In the diplomatic struggle for Germany, the West for a change won a major tactical victory. It checkmated the Russian offer of a united but "neutralized" Germany with a better offer of its own.

The West's offer was made to the Kremlin but addressed primarily to the German people. A German settlement, the West said, can only be worked out if there is a "genuinely representative all-German government, formed as a result of free elections and able to participate in full freedom in the discussion of a peace treaty." A United Germany must be free and sovereign, safe from outside interference, and secure from any domestic *putsch*. Above all, the West insisted, Germany must have "the basic right of a free and equal nation to associate with other nations," e.g., in the European Defense Community (E.D.C.). To deny this right, as Russia did, would mean "permanent shackles" on German sovereignty.

Free Votes. After making these points, the West agreed to confer with the Russians "as soon as it is clearly apparent that the Soviet government [intends] to avoid the fruitless negotiations of the past." To establish its good faith, Russia should:

- ¶ Allow an "impartial commission" to determine whether there exist in East Germany the conditions necessary for free elections. Such conditions—free balloting, freedom to campaign, etc.—must be maintained "not only on the day of voting, and prior to it, but also thereafter."
- ¶ Assure the West that a freely elected All-German government will have "freedom of action" (to join defensive alliances) both before & after an all-German peace treaty is signed.

As its choice for impartial investigator of electoral conditions, the West named the U.N. ("the quickest and most practical course"). It would accept any other "precise and practical" alternative, but not the Big Four Commission vaguely proposed by the Russians. Such a body, said the West, would be "both judge and party," i.e., Russia would have a verdict-rigging veto.

Free Choice. The heart of the West's reply was its bluff-calling challenge to the Kremlin to give the Germans freedom as well as union, with no shackles attached.

West Germans were delighted. "Moscow must come clean," headlined the liberal *Frankfurter Rundschau*. Even the Socialists, self-styled protagonists of a "deal with the Soviets," hummed with approval over the Big Three note. "We really ought to claim authorship," beamed one. "It's just what we want."

What the Socialists had wanted most was the West's recognition that a free and united Germany, when & if it is formed, must be master in its own house. German freedom to join E.D.C. implied a converse freedom: to walk out at will. The West

was plainly betting that a really free, united Germany would voluntarily cast its lot with the democracies. It was a risk that in the long run had to be taken.

Having abandoned its quavering fear at the very thought of a united Germany—a posture that was doing real harm in West Germany—the West returned to its more immediate task, giving West Germany its peace (*see below*).

Terms of the Peace

His eyes bloodshot and his legs stiff with fatigue, an allied occupation official gulped his sixth cup of coffee shortly before dawn one day last week. Wearily he trudged back to a room where, for 14 hours, the occupiers and West German



Wide World
CHANCELLOR ADENAUER
Just about wrapped up.

government officials had sat about a conference table. "I think we've just about got it wrapped up," said he.

The "it" in the wrapping process is the long-awaited "peace contract" which transforms West Germany from the thrall of its conquerors into the land of the almost-free.

Twenty-Five Knots. In one marathon session, determined old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and the occupation chiefs of France, Britain and the U.S. untangled 25 of the last remaining knots. Within the week, the peace should be made. It gives Western Germany and its 48 million people more sovereignty than the conquerors of seven years ago dreamed then of giving so soon, but less than the West Germans now demand.

The limitations to West Germany's sovereignty are a curious mixture of precau-

* Technically not a peace treaty, because one of the victors (Russia) is not participating.

tions insisted upon by occupiers mindful of Germany's aggressive past, and of obligations insisted upon to make sure that West Germany takes its place as an armed ally of the West. The Western allies will keep their 16 divisions and supporting units in Germany—but as invited protectors, not as occupiers. G.I.s will be brought before German courts for violation of civil laws; the U.S. Army reserved for itself criminal jurisdiction.

Five Compromises. Five big hurdles gave the bargainers most trouble. Adenauer was being pushed from behind: his own coalition parties balked at the treaty terms. He asked the allies for five big changes, and got some satisfaction on each. The compromises:

- ¶ West Germany wanted it understood that the whole contract could be reopened if East and West Germany later became united under one government; France in particular objected to this. Solution: any future united German government will get the benefits of the peace contract only if it also assumes the obligations.

- ¶ The Germans balked at the allies' right to intervene if West Germany's freedom is threatened. The compromise: the West agrees not to intervene until the West German government and the proposed European Army to which it will belong show that they cannot cope with a threat by themselves.

- ¶ The allies want to preserve occupation laws which prohibit a revival of cartels; the Germans consider this an unacceptable limitation on their sovereignty. Compromise: occupation laws will prevail until the West Germans pass their own de-cartelization laws. If the Germans start fudging, the allies can summon a five-member international board whose decisions will be binding.

- ¶ The Germans demand the right to grant amnesty to war criminals; the allies fear that the Germans might renounce the principles established in the Nuremberg trials. Compromise: an allied-German board will review applications of war criminals and grant clemency in some cases without renouncing the validity of their trials or sentences.

- ¶ The Germans want to tax allied business firms in Germany (General Motors, Esso, Coca-Cola, etc.), under a new and sweeping share-the-war-burden law.* Compromise: allied firms will be exempted for about two more years.

One last hurdle remained. West Ger-

* Which passed the Bundestag last week. Designed to make Germany's "haves" help those who came out of the war as "have-nots," it levies a drastic 50% tax on the 1948 value of every piece of property in West Germany. Taxpayers will get 30 years to pay in installments, but with 6% interest added annually. Proceeds will be used to pay Germans whose properties were bombed out, others who were hurt by the 1948 currency reform, and to sustain the 9,000,000 East German D.P.s who have descended on West Germany since the war.

many agrees, after the contract is ratified, to help pay for Western defense (about \$2.5 billion in the first year). The Germans want most of their contribution to go toward costs of their own rearmament; the British in particular want most of it spent to help maintain their forces in West Germany, which have been living so far largely on occupational assessments. Once this question is settled, the peace contract can be signed.

Four to Ratify. "But then," remarked a West German official, "our troubles may really begin." The contract must be ratified by the French Assembly, sorely split over all things German; by the British House of Commons; and the U.S. Senate. Then the West German Bundestag must ratify. Last week the Socialists, the second largest party in West Germany, served notice that they would oppose Adenauer's peace contract. Even so, skillful old Konrad Adenauer should have enough Bundestag votes to squeak the contract through.

IRELAND

The Man in the Park

Whether he likes it or not, the President of Ireland ("The Man in the Park" to his constituents) must stand aloof from the rough & tumble of partisan politics. For seven years, benign, learned Sean O'Kelly has held the \$32,000-a-year job and his tongue as well. It came hard to a man who was once as outspoken ("We'll whip John Bull yet! . . .") in the cause of Irish freedom as any in the land. Last month, as his first seven-year term drew to a close, O'Kelly faced the privilege granted to all outgoing Irish Presidents of nominating himself for re-election. He confided to a friend that he would not do it.

"Suppose Dev [the Prime Minister] holds a gun to your head?" asked the friend. "No," said the President, "it would have to be loaded." "Suppose it were loaded?" said the friend. "Well," said the President, "if it were loaded, I suppose I'd just have to lie down."

Eamon de Valera promptly went to work on his old friend. Last week, unopposed for the presidency, Sean O'Kelly was appointed to serve another seven years of dignity and tactful silence.

GREAT BRITAIN

Surrender

After three frustrated years under the Communists, British businesses in Red China last week decided to throw in the towel. In London the powerful China Association announced that its members would sever trade ties and abandon all their assets in Red China—holdings worth more than \$840 million. Most of the 700 British nationals in China—all that is left of a British trade colony that numbered 10,000—will probably ask the Communist government for exit visas. The firms will try to sell their assets to Chinese Communist agencies, but the Foreign Office fears that it will prove to be a dismal bargain sale.

Make Yourselves at Home

Half of Britain's economic troubles would be solved if only its miners would dig 10% more coal.

The coal pits are undermanned, but 20,000 of Italy's unemployed are ready & willing to make up the difference. As a start, the late Labor government imported 2,200 Italians, paid their fares, spent additional thousands teaching them coal mining and English, housed them, gave them contracts for two years of work.

In some places, British miners grudgingly accepted the first few hundred Italians, but 111 of 159 miners' labor lodges voted against accepting them at all. Mostly the miners, whose depression memories are still green, were afraid that if hard times came, the Italians would be competing for their jobs. Besides, in times of



PRESIDENT O'KELLY
The gun was loaded.

United Press

danger when teamwork is essential, the Italians might not understand orders. The British miners had other objections. "The reasons are stupid," said one mine union official. "Some of our men say the Italians smell—they eat garlic. Others say that they are just ice-cream merchants. Some don't like the Italians because they don't speak our language."

The miners' grumbles grew into talk of work stoppages and even the threat of a nationwide strike. Last week, the government gave up. The National Coal Board told a thousand unpaid Italians that they would have to find other jobs or go home. Having already spent about \$420,000 on them, the government reckoned ruefully that it may cost another \$1,400,000 to settle their contracts and ship them back to Italy.

Not Cricket

"This is getting monotonous," said Douglas Fairbanks Jr., after being robbed by a London burglar for the third time in a row. Last week, another celebrity joined in Fairbanks' protest at the wave of burglaries sweeping Britain. Humorist Sir Alan P. Herbert, onetime M.P., whose sly gibes at British bumbling (e.g., its divorce laws) have sometimes changed the law of the land, wrote in the *Sunday Times*:

"There was something to be said for the 'barbarous' days of the *Beggar's Opera*, when a theft of just 40 shillings was a hanging offense. If you put people 'in Fear on the highway' and robbed them or burgled . . . values were no matter, and you were hanged, even if you took a penny or sauceman only. 'Putting in fear' was the important, unforgivable thing . . ." Nowadays in Britain, continued Herbert, "there is growing up, I feel, a notion that it is not cricket to hurt a burglar, though he may do anything to us."

Two days later, as if to justify A.P. Herbert's words, a respectable meat merchant of Watford was haled into court for "the unlawful and malicious wounding" of a burglar whom he had shot as the man crept into his bedroom at 4:30 a.m. one morning in February. The Watford judge forgave the merchant the crime on the grounds that he had probably shot "in panic," and dismissed him with a \$60 fine "for costs."

Herbert preferred an older precedent: that of "Mr. Purcell, a septuagenarian of County Cork, who in 1811 was knighted for killing four burglars with a carving knife. That, I feel, is the spirit . . ."

SPAIN

Big Day for Franco

The rains had been kind, and the harvests big. After four parched years, in which discontent grew, 1951 had been a bumper year, and crop prospects were excellent again. Last week Francisco Franco had cheering news for his hard-pressed people: they could throw away the ration cards which they have been using ever since he came to power.

It was a big day for Franco. Just three years ago, his people were restless, and he was a dictator at bay; the U.N. had just voted to continue its diplomatic boycott of his regime. Opening the Cortes (Parliament), he had denounced the "Masonic-Marxist-Communist" bloc at the U.N. and blustered that "our rights stand above an assembly which has no authority over us." A patter of unconvinced applause greeted his remarks.

Last week, three years later to the day, the Cortes again assembled in the lofty, ivory & pink chamber. Spotted among the *Procuradores* (Deputies) were skull-capped bishops in wine-colored robes and bemedaled generals. In the galleries were resplendent high-ranking diplomats who had boycotted the session three years ago.

Escorted by prancing Moorish lancers, a black limousine drove up to the Cortes

Jim's counting the Miles

- UNTIL HE'S THERE



Tim's counting the Fish

- HE CAME BY AIR!



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building, and from it stepped a brisk and confident Francisco Franco. Gone was his nervous and high-pitched manner. Inside the chamber Franco put on his spectacles and began reading. Spain's chief spoke like no dictator but like a board chairman reporting to his stockholders. Business prospects were good; he had decided to conclude economic and military agreements with the U.S.; prices were coming down; rationing would end in a few weeks. After 45 minutes, amidst prolonged applause, he folded his spectacles and drove back to the royal palace.

The economic situation he described as good could only be so measured by Spain's standards; but at least it was dramatic improvement, and there was a noticeable decline in anti-Franco sentiment inside Spain. Agile Francisco Franco, junior and lone-surviving member of Europe's prewar fascist dictators, seemed to be in better shape than at any time in his 13 years in office.

ITALY

Where Christ Stopped

This week, political observers the world over would be watching the elections in Rome, Naples and some 2,400 municipalities in southern Italy, to see how well the Reds fare. But the conflicts and labels that agitate the rest of the world did not stir towns like Eboli and Anticoli.

Eboli, wrote Novelist Carlo Levi, was where Christ stopped. He meant that beyond this dusty, windswept southern Italy of 22,000, men lived without hope.

Eboli needs housing; 85% of its houses were destroyed in battle. The average occupancy is more than three people to every room; in some there are nine and ten. Some 2,000 of its 8,000 workers are unemployed; the rest work only at harvest time. From month to month, Eboli-

tans rarely see a piece of meat. They have no plumbing; typhus is a periodic visitor.

In their six years in office in Eboli, the Demo-Christians had done nothing to meet their pledges of new housing and land to the peasants. At a big pre-election rally one night last week, Communist Leader Antonio Cassese, the local dentist, cried: "There will be no peace in Eboli until they give us the land, until they give us houses, until they give us schools for our children! . . ." Townspeople nodded agreement. The Ebolitani say: "Christ may have stopped at Eboli, but the money stopped at Salerno."

Beans & Bread. Anticoli is a medieval town of 2,000, perched prettily on a hillside 40 miles east of Rome. It has a fine breeze, a good view, a Communist regime, and fresh-skinned girls whom Rome artists favor as models. But it has little work; the local wage is 65¢ a day. The main diet is beans and bread.

The Red mayor, who goes to church regularly, made a big stir one Sunday by getting to his feet as the priest was reading a pastoral letter to the congregation, and crying out: "Enough! Get on with the Mass. We are getting cold." That made him unpopular; besides, the Communists did not build the aqueduct they promised. Chances are, Anticoli will vote Demo-Christian—but not because they support the Atlantic pact or concern themselves with the East-West struggle. A reporter who talked to Anticoli last week found only one who had heard of the pact. He was a Red.

The Reds' strategy seemed to be to sneak into power. In Rome, clad in his very best grey flannels as he received Western foreign correspondents for the first time since 1948, Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti was at his most disingenuous. Genially he told reporters that all Communists want is peace and work, land and bread. In the southern provinces the Reds, to conceal themselves, were designating their party tickets with such symbols as a resurrected Christ, a St. Anthony.

But as the week ended, Boss Togliatti, on his home grounds in Rome, tore off the mask for a few moments and before a rally of 150,000 Reds preached the old-time doctrine, according to St. Stalin. His voice shrill, he shouted: "The Catholic Church . . . has always made mistakes when national honor, progress and social justice were at stake . . . and now [it is] plotting with reactionary and Fascist elements of the worst type! . . ." The crowd, which had listened apathetically as he began his speech with conciliatory platitudes, cheered wildly at his sudden change of manner.

Premier de Gasperi's Demo-Christians, fighting back hot & heavy in the closing days, were given a better-than-ever chance of standing off the two-faced Red attack. But coming up to the right of the Demo-Christians was a new threat: the resurgent neo-Fascists, who drew 75,000 Romans to a rally this week.



Associated Press

RED BOSS TOGLIATTI
Two faces south.



Universal Pictorial Press

Viscount BRIDPORT
Ninety-nine years to pay.

One Man Land Reform

On the western slope of Mount Etna, close by the village of Bronte, lies the Duchy of Bronte—a bit of England on Sicilian soil. Grateful King Ferdinand of Naples and Sicily presented the 17,000-acre estate and its great baroque castle to Horatio, Lord Nelson and made him Duke of Bronte. It was the King's way of thanking Britain's mighty sea hero for saving the Neapolitan monarchy from the French in 1799.

The duchy passed on to Nelson's heirs; in 1937, it fell to the present modest and serious viscount, Rowland Arthur Herbert Nelson Hood, descended from the families of three British naval greats—Nelson, Hood and Hood's brother, Lord Bridport. A seaman like his ancestors, the present Lord Bridport went to the naval training college at Dartmouth, was a midshipman aboard H.M.S. *Nelson* for three years, fought as a lieutenant commander in World War II. Mussolini confiscated his duchy during the war, but Lord Bridport got it back and returned to it in 1946.

Living well off its rich 5,000 acres of timber, its 3,000 in grapes and pears, its 8,000 in olive and almond groves, with 5,000 peasants to tend them, Lord Bridport saw and felt the yearning for change that began sweeping through the peasantry of Italy. The Sicilian Parliament began talking of a big land reform program. But while the Parliament only talked, Lord Bridport decided to act for himself.

Standing before the ancient battlements of his castle, the Duke of Bronte announced to a cheering throng that he was parcelling out 4,500 acres of Bronte to 650 peasant families on easy-to-pay-installment plans or cheap 99-year leases. The Archbishop of Catania came down to give the church's blessing to the transfer. The local *carabinieri* staged a joyful military drill. The viscount, a tall, blue-eyed

man of 41, happily signed the necessary papers. "This is a reward for the honest and solid work of those who for years have given their best," he said. "Simply an act of humanity."

FRANCE

Legion of Death

"Bon appétit, messieurs!" a brash young lieutenant of France wished his superiors at an officers' mess in Indo-China last week. "And may you all die with the last mouthful so that I may get a promotion."

It was a grim joke to be making in a land where death waits in every jungle thicket, but to the officers and men of France's famed Foreign Legion, death must be joked about. For more than a century since its founding by King Louis Philippe in 1831, the men of the Foreign Legion, the *Képis Blancs*, have fought and died for France in almost continuous campaigning in Algeria, in the Crimea, in Mexico, Tonkin, Dahomey, the Sudan, Madagascar, Morocco, the Dardanelles, Syria, Serbia and France itself. In six years of fighting the Communists, more than 7,000 Legionnaires have died in Indo-China alone. "You Legionnaires," a French general once promised them, "you are soldiers who were meant to die, and I am sending you where men can die."

Home for the Hopeless. In the Legion's headquarters at Algeria's Sidi-bel-Abbes, which looks like a set from *Beau Geste*, Legionnaires speak often with scorn and sometimes with hatred of the nation that hires them. *Lili Marlene*, sung in German, is heard on their lips more often than *La Marseillaise*. The 35,000 men of the Foreign Legion offer their lives to France and keep their loyalty for each other. Ask a soldier in Sidi-bel-Abbes his nationality and he will usually reply, "I am a Legionnaire."

Time & again the Legion has been bled white, but the world's hopeless and desperate have always poured in to swell its numbers. The recruit applying at Sidi-bel-Abbes needs no identification papers, and may, if he chooses, keep his past to himself. If he is over 5 ft. 1 in., well set up and seemingly aged between 18 and 42, he will be accepted. Czarist refugees from Russia, Spanish Communists fleeing Franco, ex-members of Rommel's Afrika Corps, embezzlers and down-and-outs from all parts of the globe have sought sanctuary in the hard military life at Sidi-bel-Abbes.

Tact for le tombeau. France pays her foreign fighters little (\$3.89 a month for a recruit, \$14.20 for a veteran of five years), and sends them to fight her toughest fights. No U.S.O. benefits or Coca-Cola bottling plants follow the Legion into battle. Old punishments like *le tombeau* (burial in sand up to the neck without food or water) and *la crapaudine* (24 hours in the sun with arms and legs tied together behind the back*) are no longer



Associated Press
AHMED HUSSEIN
Wasn't it awful?

in official use, but discipline is still stern and often meted to a whole company for one man's offense. The favors France grants in return are citizenship (after five years' service), a tacit silence about the past, and the chance of death.

Last week, sprawled astride the main Red invasion route on the Ninety-Nine Hills beyond Indo-China's Bacninh, the men of the Legion's 3rd Regiment—the most decorated unit in the French army—could afford to joke about death for a change, instead of courting it. There was a lull in battle. Lithuanian Sergeant Rekstis' mortar was silent. At the siege of Quong Lam a few weeks ago, Italians, Vietnamese, Portuguese and Yugoslavs had taken bets on whether a Viet Minh sniper would get Private Monmaire (Belgian, perhaps, or Swiss). Now Monmaire was idly admiring the anchor tattooed on his left arm, and dreaming nostalgically of his years in the navy. Whose navy? No one in Bacninh knew—and in the Legion whose soldiers are meant to die, no one asks or cares.

Victory for Pinay

The French Senate, like the British House of Lords, is a withered arm of government; it can delay legislation passed by the Lower House, but cannot stop it. Nonetheless, elections in the Senate give one measure of French opinion. This week half of the Senate's 320 seats were up for election. Result: Premier Antoine Pinay, the commonsense businessman who has cut prices and strengthened the franc, picked up nine seats for his moderate rightist Independent Republicans and Peasants. Most of them were at the expense of General Charles de Gaulle's French People's Rally, which lost nine of its 36 seats. Once again Antoine Pinay had proved that he can dent De Gaulle's monolithic strength as no one has before.

* "It was marvelous," says one old Legionnaire, "how the crapaudine changed your ideas."

EGYPT

The Eel

On the night of Jan. 25, phones began ringing in Cairo newsrooms. It was Ahmed Hussein, the "Socialist Party" leader, said a voice. He was deathly sick, lying on a bed of pain, and he wanted to be sure the papers reported it. The next afternoon the phones rang again. At that very moment Cairo lay enshrouded in smoke and echoing to sirens as a feverish anti-foreign mob, directed by jeep-born leaders on a precise timetable, fired \$300 million worth of foreign property and took some 60 lives (TIME, Feb. 11). It was Ahmed again. He was still in bed, terribly sick, and wasn't it awful what was happening?

This week 17 tough Cairo cops hustled Ahmed, a stocky man with bushy eyebrows and an arrogant stance, into the prisoner's dock in Egypt's Supreme Military Court, and he was put on trial for his life. The charge: Hussein, careering around in a black Citroën, had directed the mob in "burning, sabotaging, looting and destroying."

Not so, explained Ahmed with a pained expression. At the height of the riot he was safe in jail, under an 18-month sentence for committing *lèse majesté* against King Farouk. The police solemnly reminded Ahmed that he had not been put in jail until that evening, after the rioting was over.

Ahmed Hussein was in the tightest squeeze of his nimble life, but in his 42 years Hussein had slipped cel-like out of nets before. When Hitler stood high, Hussein was a fascist, founder of the Green Shirts, and did not seem to lack for money. His followers chanted "Come, Rommel, Come, Rommel." He was locked up as a dangerous subversive, but one day he slipped out of jail and out of sight.

When he reappeared, the Arab world was aflame against Israel, and Ahmed became a big-time organizer of irregular anti-Jewish units. As that failed, he took on a new role: a socialist with a passion for land reform. "A pact with Russia," he cried, "has become an absolute necessity." He became an executive in the Communist "peace" movement, and soon had enough money to start a few newspapers. Meanwhile, he protected his right wing by striking up a friendship with Wafid Party Secretary General Fund Serag el Din.

This week, in the heavily guarded prisoner's dock, Ahmed's prospects looked a little bleak. The government wanted to make an example of the rioters who had driven away foreign businessmen and almost ruined Cairo. But no one was selling Hussein short. He knew a lot of important people and he knew a lot about them.

ISRAEL Reunion at Lydda

From the viewpoint of a moderately successful Jewish merchant, the future in Bobruisk, Belorussia, looked very dim after the Bolshevik Revolution. In 1920 Joseph Hecht and his wife decided to

"READY, DAD?" Doris Arnold took her hands away from her father's eyes, stepped around in front of his chair and swirled about in her shimmering satin wedding gown. Then she said, in a shy voice that was almost a whisper, "Do you like it?"

"Like it! I've never seen anything so beautiful, Doris!" Jeff Arnold glanced at his wife, still standing at the entrance to the living room, and then winked at Doris and added, "Except once."

Beth Arnold came in and sat on the arm of her husband's chair. "That's my Jeff," she said, "always tactful! But honestly, isn't it a dream? There are still a few things to be done to it, but it will be ready in plenty of time."

She reached over, smoothed out a small wrinkle in the dress and said, "Doris and I were just talking about the old custom—you know, 'something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue'—and we ran into a snag. Doris is all

set as far as everything else is concerned, but we can't decide on what she should wear that's old. There's that brooch my grandmother left me, or those pearls of Mother's..."

"Or the old emerald ring Aunt Molly gave me when I graduated," Doris interrupted. "Or..."

Jeff Arnold rubbed his chin, looked up at his daughter and said, "Tell you what, Doris—I've got just the thing for you. I don't know quite how you'll manage to wear it, but it's something old, all right. He reached in his inside pocket and said, "Know what it is?"

Without waiting for an answer, Jeff pulled out his wallet, took a check from it and handed it to Doris. "Money. And with it my very best wishes . . ."

"Dad! Mother!" Doris cried. "What in the world . . . why, how . . . for goodness' sake . . ."

"Easy, Doris, easy," Jeff said, smiling

up at her. "I know the size of the check surprises you. But actually it's something that has been growing up with you for years and years and has always been intended for you."

"You see, right after you were born, Tom Barton, the New York Life agent, came to the house and advised me to take out some more insurance. Among other things, he suggested that I take an endowment policy so that no matter what might happen you'd always be sure to have enough money to go on to college when you grew up."

"Well, we managed to put you through college without touching the insurance, praise be, and when it matured a while ago we put the money aside as an extra wedding present for you." Jeff chuckled and said, "Anyway, I hope it will do for your 'something old'—because it's *almost* as old as you are!"

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Something Old



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send their husky young sons, Shimon and Yehiel, to Palestine. It was a lucky break for the Hecht brothers, because as time went by, the chances of getting out of the Soviet Union diminished to nil. Mr. & Mrs. Hecht were forced to stay in Bobruisk. Shimon and Yehiel became foundation members of Degania B, a communal settlement in the Jordan Valley.

In 1941 the German army rolled into Bobruisk and the Hechts fled to Siberia. Food parcels from their sons saved them from starvation, but when Joseph Hecht died after the war, his wife went back to devastated Bobruisk. Where 30,000 Jews had once lived, there were only 400. Mrs. Hecht died lonely. One day she wrote a letter to Stalin himself, pointing out that she was 75 years old and asking his permission to join her sons before she died. Bureaucrats descended on Mrs. Hecht. She signed documents, filled in forms: finally she was packed off to Vienna, the second Soviet citizen with an emigration permit for Israel since the state was founded in 1948.

Last week Sarah Hecht stepped down from an Israeli plane at Lydda airport into the bearlike embraces of her husky sons. She wore workaday Russian clothes and new shoes and stockings, but the only article she prized among her effects (in fact, the only article of value she was allowed to take out) was the wedding ring which young Merchant Hecht had put on her finger more than so years before. In a few hours Mrs. Hecht was walking among the Jordan Valley banana groves, seven grandchildren beside her and three great-grandchildren tugging at her blue cotton skirt.

As the Kremlin had calculated, the moving reunion of the Hechts was a shot in the arm to Israel's pro-Communist Mapam party, which has been in decline since the arrest in Prague early this year of a Mapam official, Mordechai Oren, accused of activities against the security of the state. It was a short-lived advantage. Few Israelis have forgotten that in Russia there are still about 2,000,000 Jews to whom Stalin will not issue emigration permits.

MIDDLE EAST Time of the Locust

In the moist heat of East Africa the locusts bred and multiplied. Then, sudden as an explosion, vast swarms rose up to darken the sky. A single swarm may occupy 250 sq. mi. of space, contain perhaps 500 million locusts, and weigh 700 tons. At least 30 swarms headed northward.

They whirred into Egypt, Israel, Jordan, and a dozen other Middle East countries. Some traveled 2,000 miles to southern Iran. Everywhere they descended in huge clouds to resume their breeding. In Iran they strewed 1,500,000 acres with their eggs. Jordan, which has to feed a half million Palestinian refugees, reported 125,000 acres infested.

In Rome, the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization warned of "a plague of locusts such as has not been seen in 100 years." Unless they can be quickly de-



SARAH HECHT

She brought along her wedding ring.

stroyed, a few billions of new locusts will sprout wings, eat up the wheat and cotton of the Nile Valley, the wheat and barley of Iran, the rice fields of Pakistan, and spread famine across one quarter of the world. While still wingless hoppers, the insects are easiest destroyed.

The dread of Moses' eighth plague, which devastated the land of Egypt, ran deeper than political squabbles. In the Negev Desert, Arab Legionnaires and Jewish soldiers, sworn enemies, killed locusts side by side; quarreling India and Pakistan swapped information and coordinated plans. And in Iran, both the U.S. and Russia pitched in, lending airplanes and sprayers (Russia worried about its own adjoining Caspian provinces).

One dawn last week, an American pilot flew eastward from the dead refinery town of Abadan along the shore of the Persian Gulf. As he skimmed five feet above fields crawling with dark brown insects, the 24 nozzles attached to the tanks slung under the plane's wings sprayed down death. The tanks were filled with Aldrin, a powerful new U.S. insecticide that kills locusts but is harmless to crops and cattle. Other Americans flew on similar missions in Jordan, Iraq and Pakistan, in a Point Four campaign that is costing the U.S. half a million dollars but has won a gratitude that money cannot usually buy. With the help of Aldrin, there is a good chance that crops and cattle will be saved.

AUSTRALIA

Monsoon That Failed

Nature's vagaries were not so simply faced in Australia. Monsoon rains sweeping in from the Indian Ocean across the northern hump of Australia have created a rich patch of cattle-raising country about the size of Texas. But in the recent monsoon season (November to March), for the first time in living memory, the rains

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did not come. Not only the northern pasture land, but the whole top half of Australia began to dry up. Within six months there was hardly a blade of grass in an area the size of Western Europe.

Government drilling teams, sent in to open up new artesian wells, could not cope with a drought of this magnitude. Drovers who tried to take their herds south over the regular stock routes that skirt Australia's vast central desert found plenty of well water, but no grazing. Some fodder was brought in, but the cost was prohibitive. In the northern pasture land the water holes began filling up with rotting carcasses. Cattlemen were killing the calves, burning dead beasts in heaps of 50, while crows and kitehawks slowly circled in the cloudless blue sky. Drought toll to date: more than 100,000 cattle out of 1,000,000.

Last week the aborigines, who have been holding nightly rain-making ceremonial dances, gave up in despair. Government medicine men also admitted defeat, radioed northern cattlemen that no relief could be expected until next November's monsoon—if it came. One result: there will be no beef available for export to Britain this year.

CHINA

Brainwasher at Work

An occupational hazard in the life of the Communist dialectician is the party line itself; he never knows when it will be changed without notice. Four months ago Ai Tze-chi was Red China's chief indoctrinator or, as he was generally called, Brainwasher No. 1. In his bimonthly magazine *Hsueh Hsi*, Ai laid down the party line for all & sundry. Only China's academics escaped his venom. That was because Ai had a soft spot for them: "China's higher intellectuals, while not yet fully wholesome . . . still can be considered to contain progressive and active elements."

How wrong can a man be? Even as Ai penned this sentence, his boss, Chien Chun-jui, Vice Minister of Education, was taking his cue from Mao Tse-tung and beginning to lambaste China's university professors for their alleged sins. The boss's purpose should have been clear to an old brainwasher like Ai: in the course of converting China's famed old universities into trade schools for agricultural and industrial technicians, the Reds must bully them into complete acceptance of Communist doctrine.

In *Hsueh Hsi*, Brainwasher Ai hurriedly ate crow: "I failed to grasp the problem . . . My mistaken views were the result of my failure to undertake class analysis . . ." Ai's 10,000-word apology was eloquent, but it was too late to save him from severe reprimand in the next issue of his own magazine: "Certain comrades have been imbued with strong dogmatism and party jargon . . . Many articles have been characterized by emptiness and blufing."

Last week *Hsueh Hsi* suspended publication. Ai, presumably, was having his brains washed.



The "Cornwallis" House...



VETERAN OF THREE WARS

WHEN LORD CORNWALLIS came to Wilmington in April 1781, as his headquarters he requisitioned part of the home of Judge Joshua Grainger Wright. Although he stayed only two weeks, this fine old North Carolina mansion has ever since been known as the Cornwallis House. For many years initials scratched on a windowpane were reminders of the brief romance between a junior officer of Cornwallis' staff and one of Judge Wright's lovely daughters. By an amazing coincidence, a century later when a descendant of the Wright family was returning from a trip abroad, she met on shipboard a young Englishman who was making a pilgrimage to the Cornwallis House to see the initials which one of his ancestors had engraved on a window.

The house was



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PEOPLE



NANCY KEFAUVER & PATIENTS
After Pooh and the bees, other discomforts.

Personal Preferences

As Britain's Philosopher **Bertrand Russell** reached 80 this week, the New York Times asked the usual question, got a variation of the usual answer: "I have, I suppose, lived a wholesome life, avoiding every kind of excess and taking abundant exercise. Until the age of 42 I was a teetotaler. But for the last sixty years I have smoked incessantly, stopping only to eat and sleep . . . I have never, except when I was ill, done anything on the ground that it was good for health. I eat what I like and don't eat what I don't like, even when I am told that dire consequences will follow. They never do."

Cinemactress **Joan Crawford** burbled happily to Chicago reporters about her first independently produced picture, *Sudden Fear*: "It's wonderful to be casting myself. For 20 years I have been a gangster's moll. At last I am well-born. I'm a novelist, yes, a successful novelist. You don't think I'd play an unsuccessful novelist in my first picture, do you?"

Back to Washington for a visit, after winning the Democratic nomination for Senator from Ohio, wisecracking **Mike Di Salle** was asked whom he would like to see heading the Republican ticket. His answer: "For selfish reasons I'd like to see them nominate Eisenhower. I can see Ike & Mike clubs springing up all over Ohio."

In Cincinnati, Sob Singer **Johnnie (Cry) Ray**, 25, confirmed the worst for his bobby-sox fans: he plans to marry Marilyn Morrison, 22-year-old daughter of a Hollywood nightclub owner. Explained Johnnie: "She's the first girl who ever made me feel like a man."

A Tokyo newspaper polled its readers to learn what foreigner they respected the most. Result: 305 votes for **Douglas MacArthur**; 327 votes for **Abraham Lincoln**.

on a busy highway and stop all cars for ten minutes, let them through for ten minutes, and then stop them again for ten minutes, you will have influenced the flow of traffic for hundreds of miles in either direction from the road block. That's what we did with the weather for 22 months." Furthermore, said he: "There can no longer be any valid doubt as to the success of cloud seeding."

Actress **Eva Gabor** explained why she had spent \$1,600 for new clothes to wear for 30 minutes twice a week on a mid-night disk jockey stint for a Manhattan radio station: "You have to look beautiful to sound beautiful."

Denmark's King **Frederik**, who is also hereditary Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal East Kent regiment, arrived in England to dedicate a new window which his regiment gave for the Warriors' Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral. Before the ceremony, photographers snapped a rare meeting of King and prelate in hearty handshake as Frederik was greeted by the Very Rev. **Hewlett Johnson**, the party-lining "Red Dean" of the cathedral.

The American method of treating visiting celebrities seemed to astonish Austria's Chancellor **Leopold Figl**, who, arriving at the White House, had to face still another crew of cameramen. Said he to his host: "When people come to the U.S., they think they are coming to a democracy, but it is a plutocracy."

At a party which he gave in Washington, Governor **Thomas E. Dewey** met an old Albany friend, Leo W. O'Brien, one-time newspaperman who was recently elected Democratic Congressman from Albany. O'Brien, veteran of many a Dewey campaign trip, greeted the governor with a special song: "He took the high road and I took the low road, and I was in Washington afore him."

Dim Views

In Ottawa, Parliament heard that books by **Joseph Stalin** and **Mae West** had been barred from Canada. Typical objections: Joe's *Questions of Leninism* and Mae's *Diamond Lil*.

Against the protest of both Author **Thomas Mann** and his publisher, an East German publishing house in Berlin printed an edition of *Buddenbrooks*. The Communists' defense of their literary piracy: "Thomas Mann is a German author and his work therefore belongs to the German people. He who, by any means whatsoever, tries to keep this work from part of the German people is an enemy of the German people."

During a visit to their old friend, Illinois' Governor **Adlai Stevenson**, British Diplomat **Sir Gladwyn Jebb** and his wife climbed into an ox-drawn cart for a tourists' tour of Lincoln Village in New Salem. The tour ended when the driver lost control of the oxen and the cart lumbered into a big tree, leaving the passengers shaken but undamaged. Said Sir Gladwyn: "I think we got out rather luckily considering that this has been our first try at midwest sightseeing."

In Washington, after **Nancy Kefauver** had transcribed a story for a children's radio show (from *Winnie-the-Pooh* in which Pooh learns all about bees, much to his discomfort), she retired for a real siege of storytelling at the Kefauver home, where three of her four children were recovering from the discomforts of mumps.

Paths of Glory

In Tucson, Dr. **Irving Longmuir**, Dean of Rainmakers, reported that his cloud-seeding program over New Mexico had influenced weather patterns across the country. Said he: "If you set up a road block



KING FREDERIK & THE RED DEAN
Before a rare meeting, a new window,

PERSONALITY

IT'S AT THE Metropolitan Club, just a block from Lafayette Square where Andrew Jackson, prancing above the flowerbeds on his bronze horse, perpetually takes off his hat to the White House, that official Washington likes best to be seen eating lunch. There, almost every day when he's in town, promptly at 1 arrives a spare, neatly dressed individual with dark hair and eyes and the restrained impatience of manner of a man whose every moment is very, very valuable. In his 63rd year, Walter Lippmann still looks the precocious young deep thinker of the days of the new *New Republic*, when, in the dawn of a freshman century, the country was coming to believe that, if only the dull old vested interests would allow it, all the problems of the universe could be solved by a fresh approach and a logical mind. No word but pundit could be found sufficiently to describe the brightness of young Walter Lippmann.

Today he still arrives for lunch looking fresh and trim. As soon as he awoke at the English-style house across from the Episcopal Cathedral, where he lives amid green lawns and shrubberies in the admiration of a highly intelligent wife, two secretaries, a young lady researcher and a pair of French poodles, he went into his study to digest the daily papers. Then, at his desk in bathrobe and slippers, he polished off the morning's chore of writing. With the help of the young lady researcher, who has an office on the third floor, he has checked and rechecked his facts. If it is the day for the column to go to press, he has recited the polished sentences into a Dictaphone, and soon they will be teletyped into the offices of the *Herald Tribune* on 41st Street in New York. From there, after an editor has read them with reverent care, the syndicate will siphon the column by airmail and telegraph into prominent papers in Bombay and Des Moines and Dallas and Copenhagen and Halifax. If a comma is misplaced or a paragraph mangled, the editor may hear from Mr. Lippmann. In a couple of hundred newspapers, anxious readers will find in Mr. Lippmann's opinions the balm of certainty.

It's not from these dim millions that the columnist gets his response. There's fan mail, of course, but the public is not in a position to know. It's at the Metropolitan Club, from the retired administrator stepping out of a cab, or the head of a Government agency pulling off his coat in the lobby, or the Senator on his way up in the elevator to the bar, that he learns whether his words have hit a mark. A Washington column is the record of conversations among very important persons.

IT'S AT LUNCH that the important are most easily seen. In the bare old dining room on the fourth floor of the Metropolitan Club, with its memories of mustaches and Madeira wine and terrapin Maryland, the unleisurely men of today take only a few minutes off to talk personalities over a hurried meal of Ry-Krisp and iceberg lettuce. There are newsworthy faces at every table. A man speeds up the conversation with his luncheon partner to get a chance to exchange a word with someone more important who's just shoving back his chair.

Mr. Lippmann has spent his life among important people. He was fortunate in his beginnings. His parents grew up in that lightly literate wave of immigration that a century ago brought to America the civilization of the Rhineland, Beethoven and Brahms, a respect for learning and a tenderness towards the unfortunate. The Lippmanns were comfortably off. Walter was an only child. A studious, argumentative, handsome boy of 17, he took up his abode at Weld Hall in the Harvard Yard and

proceeded to make a name for himself. It was Harvard College's most vivid moment. Eliot was president. William James was still teaching. Fellow students of the famous class of 1910 were the poet T. S. Eliot, emotional Heywood Broun, the romantic revolutionist Jack Reed, the scene designer Robert Edmund Jones. They were all going to make their mark in the world by casting down evil from its lofty seat. A friend once introduced young Lippmann as the future President of the U.S.

HIS CAREER WAS brilliant. He hurried through college in three years, and returned for a fourth as assistant in Santayana's fashionable philosophy course. Lincoln Steffens sought him out to help muckrake the politicians in *Everybody's Magazine*. After a turn as a socialist reformer in Schenectady, he retired to the Maine woods to write *A Preface to Politics*. T. R. did an admiring review. When Herbert Croly founded the *New Republic*, it was inevitable that Walter Lippmann should be invited to become an editor. When Woodrow Wilson swung the New Freedom to the defense of the British Empire, Walter Lippmann was one of the first of the bright young men to be called to Washington. He worked on the Fourteen Points, he was an aide to Colonel House, an officer in Army Intelligence. Disillusioned with the peace treaty, he resigned and went back to the plain living and high thinking of liberal journalism.

His stately paragraphs graced the editorial page of the *New York World*. When the Pulitzers sold the paper, he carried his crusader's banner over to the *Herald Tribune*. With the Roosevelt revolution, Washington really became the capital of the U.S. A columnist who forms opinions must keep in touch. Only in the capital can he find the stamp of authority. Mr. Lippmann moved to the capital.

FROM HIS HOUSE on Woodley Road he sets out daily to the intelligent lunch, the enlightening interview at the Carlton or the Willard; only rarely does he visit the turbulent Hill; sometimes he gathers a few words heavy with meaning in the late afternoon in a Georgetown parlor. But mostly his contacts come to him. Very important persons are pleased to be invited to dinner (black tie) with the Lippmanns on Woodley Road. When the guests step out of their cars, the cathedral rises behind them, hazy above the street lights. In the long drawing room, they find drinks, a very important person seated beside the fire, respectful black poodles tethered under the piano. At dinner, it is on Mr. Lippmann's right that the very important person sits, and the charming intellectual lady on his left. After dinner there's some leg stretching. The ladies flow into the drawing room, the men find themselves in a small parlor with brandy in glass balloons in their hands. The less important guests listen with discreet appreciation. The columnist gravely nods, occasionally emits in a word or two the voice of reason. During the evening a change comes over his face. Eyebrows bristle to little points, bags appear under the eyes: there's a touch of the croupier in evening dress. The ball starts rolling. Everything is delightfully off the record. The very important person outlines succinctly a few things he would like the public to know without having to broadcast them himself. They can't come from him. Spontaneously you understand. The columnist's eyebrows bristle with portent. The very important person has finished his brandy. Time to join the ladies. After a short Scotch fizzed with generalities, the wife of the very important person rises to her feet. Once they have gone, there is nothing left to say. As if the house were on fire, the less important guests are handed their wraps and hurried to the door.



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THE PRESS

Up Again

Since World War II, Canadian newsprint prices have shot up from \$61 per ton in New York to \$116. After last July's \$10 boost, U.S. publishers, who get 60% of their newsprint from Canada, complained so vehemently that the Canadian and U.S. governments agreed to consult before any new price rise. But last week came another piece of bad news: the Canadian government authorized an increase of another \$10 next month. To justify the price hike, newsprint makers explained that at the time of the last boost, \$116 in U.S. money was worth \$123.40 Canadian. But since then, the rise in value of the Canadian dollar—now worth 1½% more than the U.S.—makes the \$116 worth only \$114.30 Canadian, while their own production costs, which must be paid in Canadian dollars, have kept rising.

U.S. publishers were alarmed. Said Cleveland's Charles F. McCahill, president of the American Newspaper Publishers Association: the increase will drive "many newspapers from the black into the red." OPS Boss Ellis Arnall, even more gloomy, said: "[It] will drive many small . . . newspapers out of business." Some publishers feared that they would have to raise their advertising and subscription rates as the only way to offset the big new bite, which will add an estimated \$50 million a year to their publishing costs.

The Quiet Revolution

In the ten months since his father died, New Publisher William Randolph Hearst Jr. has started a quiet revolution in the Hearst publishing empire. "I don't want to rap the Old Man," said one Chicago *Herald-American* newsmen last week, "but this is a young, vigorous organization now. We've changed. Local editors can put out their own papers now without waiting to hear from headquarters."

Oldtimers, who remember the famous wires ("The Chief Suggests") that set Hearstlings to waving the flag or jumping into battle against vivisectionists, women in bars and other pet Hearst peevies, find a totally different climate. The new day began for the papers in the chain when Bill Hearst sent all his editors this instruction: ". . . Use the greatest care to avoid bias or lack of objectivity in the handling of the news . . . News must be presented without partiality . . . Our news and campaigns . . . should not be extreme, unfair or one-sided . . . Please impart this point of view to all members of your editorial staff."

Trimming the Boss. In keeping with its new autonomy, San Francisco's *Call-Bulletin* revamped its entertainment section without word of advice from headquarters. "In the old days," says Editor Lee Ettelson, "I couldn't possibly have done it without taking it down to San Simeon a couple of times for Mr. Hearst

to tear it to pieces and rearrange." The *Detroit Times*, which seldom ran anything but canned editorials, now regularly runs two or three editorials a day on local subjects.

Hearst's own copy, by his own instructions, gets copy-desk treatment. His "Editor's Report" on Europe ("And so, as they say in the travelogues, we say goodbye to good old Europe") was condensed by some Hearst editors.

Papers in the chain have been changing their make-up, dumping the old circus & gingerbread style that was a Hearst trademark. In its place have come cleaner headline type, fewer screaming bannerlines and a more up-to-date, readable layout. Gigantic cartoons and other hoilets plate that once poured out of Hearst



PUBLISHER HEARST
"Call me Bill."

United Press

headquarters are now passed up by editors whenever they will, and even such well-entrenched Hearst columnists as Westbrook Pegler and George Sokolsky may be dropped or trimmed as editors desire.

Proving Ground. Bill Hearst's home paper, the New York *Journal-American*, is a testing ground for the changes. Its front-page and inside make-up is being transformed and its editors have taken a sharp turn toward more temperate writing, more attention to local issues. But nowhere is the new broom more evident than in the *American Weekly*, Sunday magazine supplement for the chain. As a result of an overhauling that has been in the works for eight months, the weekly has been completely revamped and modernized (TIME, Dec. 31).

Staffers seem not only to like the editorial changes, but to approve of Publisher Hearst himself. In his trips around the country, Hearstlings find his "call me



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are the magnificent Lincolns for 1952.

Every line, every feature reflects your new kind of life: simplicity, not ostentation; handling ease, not traffic tension...a multi-purpose car that's right for trip or town, work or play. Even its new beauty has a purpose, as demonstrated in the down-sweep hood, the narrow posts.

Lincoln fits today's living...with sim-

ple grace, nimble power, casual versatility.

Find out how much more you can expect from a modern fine car. The new Lincoln Cosmopolitan and Capri await you in your dealer's showroom. See them...drive them. Either one demonstrates that here at last is...the one fine car deliberately designed for modern living.

LINCOLN DIVISION—FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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RESORT HOTELS
DAYTONA, FLA.
RANGELEY, ME.

(IN CANADA)
MONTREAL
NIAGARA FALLS
TORONTO
VICTORIA



SKYLINE VIEW FROM A SUITE AT NEW YORK'S PARK SHERATON



International

COLUMNIST MORTIMER

See my lawyer.

"Bill" a welcome change from the pomp & ceremony that marked the Old Man's visits. Bill Hearst says that continual, if gradual, change now become the order of the day.

The Sued Sue

The New York *Post's* smart, stocky Editor James A. Wechsler, 36, serves up Fair-Dealing, "see here now!" editorials along with a leavening mixture of sex, sin and revelation. By now, the *Post's* formula for revelation has become pat: a continuous series of wordy but provocative sketches of favorite *Post* whipping boys, e.g., Senator McCarthy, Walter Winchell, Westbrook Pegler. When U.S.A. Confidential began making headlines and the bestseller lists, Wechsler spotted ideal subjects for his next serial scorcher: the book's authors, the New York *Mirror's* editor, Jack Lait, and its nightclub columnist, Lee Mortimer, who are already defendants in twelve libel suits for their offhand reporting (*TIME*, May 19).

Wechsler set a task force to work, but Old Newsheads Lait and Mortimer refused to see them. Instead, they wrote Wechsler that he would be accountable for any "unjust and damaging" statements. When Wechsler wrote back that one way to avoid inaccuracies was for Lait and Mortimer to give the *Post* an interview, Mortimer replied darkly: "... Your . . . letter . . . has been referred to our attorney for his attention." Last week, the issued Lait and Mortimer became plaintiffs themselves: they began suits against the *Post* for \$1,000,000 (half for each author). They had been libeled, said their suits, by *Post* Labor Columnist Murray Kempston (named a defendant along with Wechsler and three other executives), who had reviewed U.S.A. Confidential under the title "*Ordure au Lait!*" By the title, complained Lait and Mortimer, they had been described as "foul excrement."

TIME, MAY 26, 1952

In an editorial last week, Wechsler denounced the suit as "an attempt to prevent publication" of the three-week-long series which the *Post* still says it will start next month.

Le Monde at Bay

Among Paris' 14 French-language dailies, one paper—*Le Monde* (circ. 150,000)—stands head & shoulders above the rest. Though "neutralist" in politics, its devotion to responsibility in journalism is such that it is often called the *New York Times* of Paris. A fortnight ago *Le Monde* readers got a shock. Many of them, who fear that the U.S. will leave France holding the sack if the Russians ever invade Western Europe, found a piece of "news" that confirmed their worst suspicions.

Le Monde printed excerpts from a report supposedly written by U.S. Chief of Naval Operations Admiral William M. Fechteler, which asserted that 1) the Soviets could overcome Western Europe in three days and the West would be forced to pull out, 2) war with the Soviets is inevitable before 1960.

Newspapers the world over picked up the story* and denials came from everybody from Fechteler himself to Churchill. But *Le Monde* stuck to its story. *Le Monde's* Editor-in-Chief André Chéhénenoit said that British intelligence had intercepted the "document" early this year, and that *Le Monde* had bought it from Jacques Bloch-Morhange, who runs his own private newsletter in Paris. Despite this dubious source, Editor Chéhénenoit and *Le Monde* Director Hubert Beuve-Méry ordered the letter printed without consulting the paper's other editors. Said Chéhénenoit: "We wouldn't have printed it . . . had there been any doubt" about its authenticity. The explanation was not enough for the paper's top editorial writer on domestic affairs, Rémy Roure. Roure resigned because his bosses "did not exercise the most extreme prudence and reserve" in so grave a matter. Other staffers backed him up, demanded in the future *Le Monde* have its top staffers pass on all important copy before it is printed.

Then came the payoff. In Amsterdam last week, Albert Besnard, a naval affairs editor, of the daily *Algemeen Handelsblad*, read *Le Monde's* "document" and thought it had a vaguely familiar ring. Digging into his closet, Besnard found some old copies of the *Proceedings of the U.S. Naval Institute*. In the September 1950 issue he found an article by Commander Anthony Talerico, U.S.N., entitled "Sea of Decision." Almost word for word, many parts of it were identical with the so-called "Fechteler report." Instead of being a state paper, the arguments were the hazy theorizing of an unknown junior officer in an unofficial publication. Caught with a fake, *Le Monde* sadly concluded that there was "a great similarity" in the documents, and added: "The 'Fechteler document' was not new."

* Headlined Manhattan's Communist Daily Worker: PARIS, LONDON IN UPROAR OVER EXPOSÉ OF U.S. ADMIRAL'S CYNICAL WAR PLAN.

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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950

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Mind Matters

Atlantic City was host last week to half a dozen societies of psychologists and psychiatrists, including psychoanalysts. Items noted by the mind-healers:

¶ A little learning about psychoanalysis is a dangerous thing; parents pick up a smattering of the subject and misuse it, said Manhattan's Dr. Mary O'Neil Hawkins. Parents who would spoil their children anyway now spoil them more, and think they have a scientific basis for doing so. They tend to intellectualize faults and vainly try to use reason to bring obedience. This is worse than simply laying down the law to small fry: "You can't do this because I don't like it."

¶ Baby Expert Benjamin Spock went further: there should be a clear distinction between fitting people for parenthood and teaching them about psychiatry and analysis. Knowing about the causes of insecurity does not make family life easier. As a matter of fact, said Spock, it is harder for psychiatrists than ordinary mortals to bring up their children well—though not impossible.

¶ Mental patients who hear "voices" may actually be listening to their own subconscious ideas, which are made audible to them because part of the brain does not work right. Neurologist Walter Freeman and Surgeon Jonathan Williams tried cutting out this part (the amygdaloid nucleus). They found that the surgery freed four patients of "spirit voices."

¶ Schizophrenia is 13 times more common among the poor and uneducated than among the educated rich, a Yale team reported. One reason suggested: more "marital and family instability" at lower social and income levels.

¶ Cases of arrested emotional development with lifelong dependence on mother, said Maryland's Dr. Lewis B. Hill, are especially likely to occur among the children of traveling families such as those of diplomats and members of the armed forces.

¶ Dr. Henry P. Laughlin used himself as an example to illustrate his thesis that a man who takes an unreasonable dislike to another is probably seeing something of himself in the second man. Dr. Laughlin was the only one in a movie party who detested the second male lead—"I regarded him as over-serious, pedantic, a stuffed shirt." Friends told Dr. Laughlin that he was a bit like the second male lead himself. He finally admitted it, and hopes that his personality has now improved.

One Who Survived

When the Nazis overran the Low Countries in 1940, they barred Dutch Physician Eli A. Cohen from practice. Cohen and his family tried to escape to Sweden, but the Gestapo caught them and sent them to Auschwitz. There, the SS gassed Cohen's wife and four-year-old son, his parents, his only sister, and about 50 other relatives. Much of the time Cohen had to do the

same manual labor as other prisoners; only part of his three years in a series of concentration camps was spent working as a doctor. Liberated in May, 1945, he weighed 77 pounds.

"It was very difficult to find my way back," says Dr. Cohen now. "I was exhausted, and psychologically not very sound. I didn't know what I should do." Soon he knew: he would make a psychological analysis of both the miserable prisoners and their monstrous jailers in the concentration camps. The result, *Het Duitse Concentratiekamp*, was selling well last week that it was in its second edition—a rare thing for a doctoral thesis.*

Without Emotion. After studying Freudian analytical methods to fit himself for the task, Cohen still had difficulty find-



Israel Shenker

DR. COHEN
Some of the old superego remained.

ing his way. "I wrote the thesis three times," he says, "first with all my emotions, then with some of my emotions, finally with no emotions." Even so, he left in some very personal touches.

At Auschwitz, he was physician in charge of a block where psychotics, imbeciles, invalids and the aged were housed. "Because the portions of bread, cheese, sausage or margarine were never equally cut," Dr. Cohen recalls, "I could, and did, always choose the thickest. During the ladling out of the soup, the stirring was always done horizontally, so that the thick remained at the bottom. I always took care to get only the thick . . . The motivation I gave myself, namely that I had more value than the patients, didn't hold water, of course."

Of the Jews sent to Auschwitz, only a

* Which Cohen, already a licensed physician (*dokter*), submitted to Utrecht University to earn the title *doctor*.

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handful survived, and Cohen asks himself relentlessly, "Why did I survive?" The answer, he believes, lies largely in his psychological preparation for the ordeal. He had an active, personal philosophy of life. A theoretical Zionist who had put the comforts of Holland above the rigors of pioneering in Palestine, he blamed himself: "I hadn't been enough of a 'hero' to go to Palestine." Much the same, he adds, was true for the political foes of Nazism who were prisoners: "They could understand why they were in camp." Finally, Cohen knew what to expect.

Without Conscience. The prisoners who were thus fortified by an understanding of their plight were the ones best fitted for the jungle-style struggle for survival, in which ethics and conscience are shunted aside and almost lost. Rarely, as an exception to the rule of animal egotism, a group of prisoners would sacrifice part of their ration to give a dying friend a last pleasure. "In those people, I think, some standards of their old superego [conscience] had remained stronger than the influences of the concentration camp," says Dr. Cohen.

In summary, Dr. Cohen describes the prisoners' transition from the initial reaction to the stage of adaptation, in which hunger becomes the all-consuming drive and the sex urge disappears. Then comes the third stage, one of acquiescence, when prisoners accept their fate and the amorality of camp life. With their jealousies and factionalism, the prisoners do not form an "organized mass" in the Freudian sense, says Dr. Cohen, but merely a crowd.

The SS jailers, on the other hand, he sees as a highly organized mass. He tries to explain their psychology in the light of German traditions. First, Dr. Cohen makes a distinction between SS men who committed common acts of cruelty and those who had the job of gassing Jews. "The latter," he says, "were educated to believe that Jews were inferior people, guilty of Germany's defeat in the First World War. The German superego (the interaction of parents, educators, laws of the country, rules of society) accepted these ideas . . . German education taught that you have to obey every order from those above you." The SS men at the gas chambers, Dr. Cohen believes, had no emotional reaction to their gruesome task—"It was their duty."

Minor mistreatment of prisoners was also part of the German pattern, in which superiors mistreat subordinates, Dr. Cohen reasons. Most difficult to explain, he found, were deliberately planned tortures. He feels these cases cannot be dismissed as simple sadism. Rather, he believes, they resulted from Freud's drive of aggression, heightened by frustration. "Normally this drive is counteracted by mental inhibitions provided by society, but Nazi society supported this aggression."

Dr. Cohen considers that his own psychology is now sound again. "Writing the thesis was a catharsis for me," he says. "I'm freed of my troubles." He has remarried, has a baby daughter, and is practicing in Arnhem.



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to have to obey no other law than that
to which he has given his consent or approval;

[2]

civil equality,

as the right of the citizen
to recognize no one as a superior among the people in relation
to himself

and [3]

political independence,

as the right to owe his existence and continuance in society
not to the arbitrary will of another,
but to his own rights and powers as a member of the commonwealth.

[Science of right, 1797]



SPORT

Asaltador de Gigantes

In times past when such men of skill and punch as Joe Gans, Benny Leonard and Tony Canzoneri wore the crown, the lightweight championship of the world meant something in boxing. Even as recently as two years ago, Lightweight Champion Ike Williams was respected for his shifty style, if not for his fighting heart. But when Williams lost his title last year to a Harlem unknown named Jimmy Carter, lightweight prestige slumped. Last week Champion Carter, 28 and still a colorless jabber, put his low-rated title on the line for the third time.

Unable to draw a crowd in his own part of the country, Carter fought in Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium. Some 7,000 fans, mostly Mexicanos, turned up to watch the fight, not because of Carter, but because of Carter's opponent: Mexican-born Lauro Salas, unknown nationally, but known locally as *Asaltador de Gigantes* (loose translation: the giant killer). The first time the two met last month, Champion Carter cut the giant killer down to size, though Carter was dumped to the canvas in Round 15. The knockdown earned Salas a rematch.

From the outset, Carter's superior boxing skill clearly outclassed the work of the bumbling, brawling little Mexican. Carter jabbed, poked and stabbed almost at will, while Salas shuffled around the ring, gloves drawn cocoon-like over his face. Every once in a while Salas burst out in a flurry of short-armed punches. For ten rounds it was a monotonous repetition of the first bout. Then, stung by a Carter punch, Salas began to fight.

Using short hooks, uppercuts and flailing overhand punches, Salas waded into the tired champion. All through the late rounds, bleeding from cuts over and under his left eye, Carter tried to hang on. He did, barely. The referee thought Carter's early-round advantage was enough to win, but the two judges voted for little bearded-browed Brawler Salas.

In the hysterical scene that followed the proclaiming of a new champion, Salas exulted again & again for the benefit of the radio & television audience: "I ween the chompanship of Mexico!" After being reminded that he was now world champion, Salas amended his boast by a preposition: "I ween the chompanship for Mexico!" Then, for almost two solid hours, the unskilled little gamecock refused to settle down. Instead, he strutted up & down through the arena's crowded aisles, sopping up the adulation, embracing and kissing anyone within reach of his stubby arms. He wanted to tell the whole world how he became the first Mexican fighter ever to win an undisputed world boxing title.

Another world title changed hands this week. In Tokyo, for Japan's first world's title fight, some 42,000 fans went wild as Japan's Yoshiro Shirai, 28 and a sharp



Associated Press

CHAMPION SALAS HELD ALOFT BY ADMIRERS

He wanted to tell the world.

counterpuncher, outpointed Hawaii's aging (35) Dado Marino for the flyweight (112 lbs.) title. Like Lightweight Salas, Shirai is the first fighter from his country ever to hold a world championship. The U.S., once the stronghold of boxing, now owns only half of the eight world titles. Others outside the U.S.: the welterweight (147 lbs.) championship held by Cuba's Kid Gavilan, and the bantamweight (118 lbs.) held by South Africa's Vic Towell.

can't seem to keep their eyes on the ball. In his first pitching start for the Bristol (Tenn.) Twins this year, Necciai struck out 20 men. He struck out 19 in his second game. In a relief role, he struck out 11 men in four innings. Last week, mixing a crackling fast ball with a dazzling curve, Pitcher Necciai (pronounced Netch-Eye) made a new mark for the record books of organized baseball.

For inning after inning, as batters gaped in slack-jawed amazement, Righthander Necciai smacked strike after strike into the catcher's glove. Some batters went down with their bats on their shoulders; others, swinging wildly, hit nothing but air. One batter did manage to nick the ball enough for an easy roller, and was thrown out by the shortstop. By the end of the eighth inning only three batters had reached first—one on a base on balls, one hit by a pitched ball, the third on an error. In the meantime, Necciai had struck out every other batter, 23 in all.

In the ninth inning, he struck out the first two batters. Then he zipped a third strike past what should have been the last batter. Under official scoring rules, it was the 26th strikeout, but the game was not over: the catcher had let the third strike get through him and the batter beat his throw to first. The passed ball gave Necciai a chance to become the first man in baseball history to strike out 27 men in a regulation nine-inning game. Unruffled by the catcher's error, Necciai did it.

A Pittsburgh Pirate farmhand, Necciai was naturally jubilant about his record.⁸ but he modestly figures he's still a few years away from the big leagues. The

Strikeout King

Pitcher Ron Necciai, 10, of the Class D Appalachian League, looks like a refugee from a basketball team. As he unwinds his lanky (6 ft. 5 in., 185 lbs.) frame on the pitcher's mound, his earnest contortions have a fatal fascination for batters. They



Associated Press

PITCHER RON NECCIAI
He has a fatal fascination.

⁸ Previous record, 26 strikeouts by Clarence ("Hooks") Jott, for Paragould in the Northeast Arkansas League in 1941. After two failures with the St. Louis Browns, Jott finished his major-league career in 1947 with a 3-8 record with the New York Giants. Major-league strikeout record: 18, by Cleveland's Bob Feller in 1938.

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Pirates, thrashing around in the National League basement (5-24) at week's end, figure Necces may be playing in the majors sooner than he thinks.

The American League Detroit Tigers, also in last place (7-19), got a boost too last week, this one from an older hand, Virgil Trucks, 33, who had failed to finish his first four 1952 starts and had not won a game all season, pitched the major leagues' first no-hitter of the year against the second-place Washington Senators.

Early Preview

Every Brundage, 64, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, is an old hand at sizing up Olympic talent. Last week, after watching the Los Angeles relays, Brundage could no longer restrain his enthusiasm. "With just those boys we had out there tonight," he said, "we can win the Olympic track and field events. I'd say we're going to have the best team we ever had." Some reasons for the Brundage exuberance, even though chilly weather cut down a few performances:

¶ Manhattan College's 440- and 880-yard relay team (Jack O'Connell, Joe Schatzle, Lindy Remigino and Bob Carty), which won both events, the 880 in 1:24.4, only four-tenths off the world record.

¶ The New York A.C.'s Hurdler Charles Moore, a former Cornell runner and almost surefire Olympic winner, who set an American 400-meter hurdle record of 50.0.

¶ Pole vaulters Bob Richards (handicapped by a muscle pull) and Don Laz two top-notch 15-footers, who tied for first with a respectable 14 ft. 8 in.

¶ Shotputter Jim Fuchs, world record-holder, who won with a toss of 57 ft. 3½ in.

Who Won

¶ Blue Man, the Preakness; at Maryland's Pimlico race track. Driving up from next-to-last at the three-quarter-mile mark, and rated perfectly by Veteran Jockey Conn McCreary, long-striding Blue Man collared horse after horse and won, going away, by 3½ lengths. Time for the mile and three-sixteenths: 1:57.4, good enough to snag the \$86,135 winner's purse for Owner Arthur Abbott, a Rye, N.Y. ice-cream maker and former minor-league ballplayer. With Kentucky Derby Winner Hill Gail out of action with an ankle ailment, 1952's Triple Crown is already split. But Blue Man's showing puts him near the head of the class.

¶ The Navy crews (varsity, j.v. and freshmen), the Eastern sprint (2,000-meter) regatta; at Princeton, N.J.

¶ The California crew, an upset over powerhouse Washington (by four lengths); in Oakland, Calif.

¶ Jockey Johnny Longden, race No. 4,000, to put him numerically head & shoulders over the rest of the U.S. jockeys; at California's Hollywood Park. In the race for the longest winning record, Longden, 42, was still (426) behind England's 47-year-old Gordon Richards.

¶ Sam Snead, the Palm Beach golf tournament, by two points over Cary Middlecoff; at New Rochelle, N.Y.

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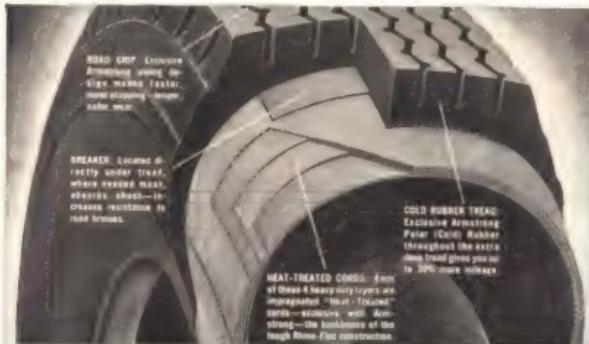
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THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

New Faces of 1952 is a crisp, cheerfully intimate revue that should somehow be funnier. The most professional of Leonard Sillman's various *New Faces*, it looks trim and moves fast. It is full of sophisticated ideas to be sung or spoken; it exhibits a bunch of likable new faces, a few of which should catch the spotlight more & more. But the product is not quite up to the packaging. For all its expensive gloss, its Raoul Pene du Bois sets and John Murray Anderson staging, it never really bankrolls 'em in the aisles.

In some cases—as with the Oliviers' not knowing whether they're playing Shaw's *Cleopatra* or Shakespeare's—a bright idea collapses right at the start. In others, the



Fred Field

ALICE GHOSTLEY & RONNY GRAHAM
Funnier when broadest.

comedy doesn't know how to build or where to stop. Take-offs on Truman Capote and Gian-Carlo Menotti (written by Comic Ronny Graham), though clever, have not enough magic in their madness. Even *Boston Beguine*, well sung by the show's topranker, Alice Ghostley, should mingle Harvard and Haiti more hilariously. The show is funniest where the spoofing is broadest: Paul Lynde as a battered African explorer turned lecturer; and "After Canasta—What?" daffily prophesying a card game requiring adding machines and traffic lights.

There are some nice, hummable songs, and there is attractive singing, notably by lithé Eartha Kitt. The dancing is refreshingly clean and cool; even the ballet numbers maintain a certain air of the ballroom. By ordinary revue standards, *New Faces* gets by very well; what it falls short of are its own.

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SCIENCE

Fast & Hot

Sonic aircraft now on the drawing boards will soon be moving at more than 1,500 m.p.h. At such high speed, say aeronautical engineers, friction between air and airplane will build a wall of heat—a "thermal barrier"—that will grow worse as planes fly faster. Their metal may soften like the wax in the wings of Icarus when he flew too near the sun.

Only a few years ago, designers thought that at the speed of sound, turbulent shock waves would pound a plane to bits. But when jets pushed aircraft up to the sonic barrier, it turned out to be nothing worse than a bump in the road. Planes after plane passed over into the exhilarating calm of supersonic flight. In the current issue of *Skyline* magazine, Vice President



ICARUS

Today's pilot will simmer like stew.

Ray Rice of North American Aviation, Inc., explains why the thermal barrier can only be pushed ahead, never completely overcome.

"Even the air at the icy regions of 40,000 ft. does not help the engineer with his problem," says Rice. "At the speeds contemplated for the future, aluminum will relax and lose much of its strength. Canopies of today's materials will soften like putty and pull from their foundations. Radar equipment may give the wrong message . . . And the pilot would simmer like beef stew without refrigeration."

Even today, fighter planes fly at such searing speeds that their engines must suck in some 18 tons of air an hour in order to keep cool. Pilots already have their own refrigeration system. Soon, says Rice, refrigeration systems will be needed for electronic and hydraulic equipment. Engineers are already searching for new oils that can withstand high temperature.

To find the practical limits of the thermal barrier, says Rice, "take a hypothetical missile flying at 2,000 m.p.h. at 60,000 ft." If it were no bigger than

a home refrigerator it would need the power of 20 such refrigerators to keep it cool enough. The real barrier "may be the point at which the power required to cool the equipment equals the power of the airplane or missile."

Engineers are learning to air-condition cockpits, insulate electronic gear and use tough metals like titanium in high-speed planes, but another hope for dealing with the problem of high-speed heating lies in speed itself. When high speeds are reached, Rice points out, there is a certain time lag before the airplane's structure heats to the danger point. Future military planes may be fast enough to accomplish their missions and slow down again before they begin to melt.

An Eye for Heat

Rattlesnakes, and such venomous relatives as copperheads and water moccasons, have in their heads two small organs called "pits." Scientists have long known that the pits are sense organs which respond to heat, but they did not understand clearly how they work. In last week's *Science*, Drs. Theodore H. Bullock and Raymond B. Cowles of the University of California, Los Angeles, told how they hooked up a rattlesnake's pits and studied their actions as if they were microphones.

Having prudently given the rattlesnake a paralyzing injection of curare, the researchers uncovered one of the nerves leading out of a pit organ and connected it through an electrode to an apparatus that amplified and recorded its electrical impulses. When they blindfolded the snake but did not excite it otherwise, the sound that came from the amplifier sounded "like grease cooking slowly in a pan." But when Dr. Bullock moved his warm hand near the snake's pit, the sizzling sound increased "as if you had turned the heat up." A lighted match or cigarette produced the same effect. On the other hand, a cold object, such as an ice cube, cut the sizzling down.

The temperature of the nearby air had no effect. Warm objects could be detected by the pit organ even through the cold air of a refrigerated room. But when a sheet of glass, opaque to long infra-red rays, was placed between the snake and a warm object, it "blinded" the pit. Drs. Bullock and Cowles conclude that the pit is a sort of "heat eye," sensitive to the infra-red rays that come from warm objects. It detects cold objects by giving less response than it does to the snake's room-temperature surroundings. A glass of water only one degree above or below room temperature is clearly "visible" to the sensitive pit.

This organ must be very useful to the snake, say Bullock and Cowles. Rattlesnakes have good eyesight, but they do most of their hunting at night or underground, and so must be grateful for an organ that points out warm prey. A snake crawling down a dark burrow after a warm mouse quivering at the end of it can "see" its prey through its pits.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Sassafrassa, the Queen

(See Cover)

On Monday evenings, more than 30 million Americans do the same thing at the same time: they tune in *I Love Lucy* (9 p.m. E.D.T., CBS-TV), to get a look at a round-eyed, pink-haired comedienne named Lucille Ball.

An ex-model and longtime movie star (54 films in the past 20 years), Lucille Ball is currently the biggest success in television. In six months her low-comedy antics, ranging from mild mugging to baggy-pants clowning, have dethroned such veteran TV headliners as Milton Berle and Arthur Godfrey. One of the first to see the handwriting on the TV screen was Funnyman Red Skelton, himself risen to TV's top ten. Last February, when he

husband, Desi Arnaz, is cast as the vain, easily flattered leader of an obscure rumble band. Lucille plays his ambitious wife, bubbling with elaborate and mostly ineffectual schemes to advance his career.

But what televiewers see on their screens is the sort of cheerful rowdiness that has been rare in the U.S. since the days of the silent movies' Keystone Comedies. Lucille submits enthusiastically to being hit with pies; she falls over furniture, gets locked in home freezers, is chased by knife-wielding fanatics. Tricked out as a ballerina or a Hindu maharani or a toothless hillbilly, she takes her assorted lumps and pratfalls with unflagging zest and good humor. Her mobile, rubbery face reflects a limitless variety of emotions, from maniacal pleasure to sepulchral gloom. Even on a flickering, pallid



RED SKELTON OFFERING TROPHY TO LUCILLE BALL.

He saw the handwriting on the screen.

got the award from the Academy of Television Arts & Sciences as the top comic of the year, Skelton walked to the microphone and said flatly: "I don't deserve this. It should go to Lucille Ball."

By this week, the four national TV rating services (Nielsen, Trendex, American Research Bureau and Videodata) were in unaccustomed agreement: each of them rated *I Love Lucy* as the nation's No. 1 TV show.

Lumps & Pratfalls. The television industry is not quite sure how it happened. When *Lucy* went on the air last October, it seemed to be just another series devoted to family comedy, not much better or much worse than *Burns & Allen*, *The Goldbergs*, *The Aldrich Family* or *Mama*. Like its competitors, *Lucy* holds a somewhat grotesque mirror up to middle-class life, and finds its humor in exaggerating the commonplace incidents of marriage, business and the home. Lucille's Cuba-born

TV screen, her wide-set saucer eyes beam with the massed candlepower of a lighthouse on a dark night.

What is her special talent? TVmen credit Lucille with an unfailing instinct for timing. Producer-Writer Jess Oppenheimer says: "For every word you write in this business, you figure you're lucky to get back 70-80% from a performer. With Lucille, you get back 140%." Broadway's Oscar (*South Pacific*) Hammerstein II, hailing Lucille's control, calls her a "broad comedienne, but one who never goes over the line." To her manager, Don Sharpe, Lucille is "close to the Chaplin school of comedy—she's got warmth and sympathy, and people believe in her, even while they're laughing at her."

Western Mirage. Lucille explains that the TV show is important because "I'm a real ham and so is Desi. We like to have

© Center: Husband Desi Arnaz.

an audience. We like being up on our toes." But the show also allows her some time with her ten-month-old daughter, Lucie Desirée, and for the first time in eleven years of trouping, gives her a home life with husband Desi. Says she: "I look like everybody's idea of an actress, but I feel like a housewife. I think that's what my trouble was in movies."

Actress Ball was a long time arriving at the calm waters of motherhood and housewifery. The daughter of Henry and Desirée Hunt Ball, she was born in Jamestown, N.Y. (near Buffalo) at what she calls "an early age." Pressed, she will concede that it was quite a while ago: she admits to being 40. Her father was an electrician whose job of stringing telephone wires carried him around the country. When Lucille was four, he died of typhoid in Wyandotte, Mich.

Lucille spent her childhood in Jamestown (1920 pop. 38,917), but managed to see very little of it. Mostly, she inhabited a dream world peopled by glamorous alter egos. Sometimes she imagined herself to be a young lady of great poise named Sassafrassa, who combined the best features of Pearl White, Mabel Normand and Pola Negri. Another make-believe identity was Madeline, a beauteous cowgirl who emerged from the pages of Zane Grey's melodramatic novel, *The Light of Western Stars*. To get authentic background for Madeline, young Lucille corresponded with the chambers of commerce of Butte and Anaconda, Mont. She read and reread their publicity handouts until she felt she knew more about Montana than the people who lived there. It was the powerful spirit of Madeline that caused her for many years to claim Butte, Mont., as her birthplace. Only in the most recent edition of *Who's Who* did she finally, grudgingly admit to being born in Jamestown, N.Y.

Horses to Warter. While she lived there, Lucille did her best to rid Jamestown of dullness. Sometimes she gilded reality by imagining that the family chicken coop was her palace ("The chickens would become my armies"). She remembers that she was always unmanageable in the spring. "I'd leave the classroom for a drink of water and never come back. I'd start walking toward what I thought was New York City and keep going until someone brought me home."

By the time she left high school at 14, she had staged virtually a one-man performance of *Charley's Aunt* ("I played the lead, directed it, cast it, sold the tickets, printed the posters, and hauled furniture to the school for scenery and props"). In a Masonic musical revue, she put so much passion into an Apache dance that she threw one arm out of its socket. Jamestown citizens still remember her explosive personality with wonder: it took quite a while for the dust to settle in Jamestown when Lucille finally left for Manhattan at the age of 15.

Probably because of the dreamy mental state induced by Sassafrassa and Madeline, Lucille is not too clear about dates, events and people. In New York,

she headed straight for John Murray Anderson's dramatic school. At the sound of her voice ("I used to say 'horsses' and 'warter'"), her teacher clapped hands to his forehead. Anderson tactfully told Lucille's mother that her daughter should try another line of work. Lucille made a stab at being a secretary and a drugstore soda jerk, but found both occupations dull. She answered chorus calls for Broadway musicals with a marked lack of success. When she even lost a job in the chorus of the third road company of *Rio Rita*, a Ziegfeld aide told her: "It's no use, Montana. You're not meant for show business. Go home."

Periodically, Lucille did go home to Jamestown. But she returned again & again to the assault on New York. She managed to get into the chorus of *Stepping Stones*, and held on until the choreographer announced that she wanted only girls who could do toe work ("I couldn't even do heel work"). Lucille turned to modeling, progressed from the wholesale garment houses through department stores to the comparative eminence of Hattie Carnegie. She still has a warm feeling for people in the garment trade, because "they're the nearest thing to show business in the outside world. They're temperamental and jealous. I like them." She had a great many admirers. One of them, Britain's Actor Hugh Sinclair, says: "She disarmed you. You saw this wonderful, glamorous creature, and in five minutes she had you roaring with laughter. She was gay, warmhearted and absolutely genuine."

As a model, Lucille called herself Diane Belmont, choosing her name in honor of Belmont Park Race Track, where fashion shows are sometimes staged. But it was another few years before Lucille finally got her break. She was walking up Broadway past the Palace Theater when she met Agent Sylvia Hahlo coming down from the Goldwyn office. Sylvia grabbed her and cried breathlessly: "How would you like to go to California? They're sending a bunch of poster girls there for six weeks for a picture. One of the girls' mothers has refused to let her go."

\$50 to \$1,500. The movie was *Roman Scandals*, starring Eddie Cantor, and it was six months instead of six weeks in the making. Lucille was grimly determined to keep her foot in the Hollywood door. She got a succession of bit parts in such movies as *Moulin Rouge* and *The Affairs of Céline*, worked for three months with the roughhouse comics known as The Three Stooges ("It was one continuous bath of Vichy water and lemon meringue pie").

When RKO picked up her contract, she gradually emerged as a queen of B pictures, then began making program movies with Comics Jack Oakie, Joe Penner and the Marx Brothers (*Room Service*). Her salary rose from \$50 a week to \$1,500, and her hair, already turned blonde from its original brown, now became a brilliant but indescribable shade that has been variously called "shocking pink" and "strawberry orange." While she was in *Dance, Girl, Dance*, and being hailed by Director Erich Pommer as a new "find" (by then,



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she had been playing in movies for six years), she met a brash, boyish young Cuban named Desi Arnaz.

Gold Initials, Desi had come to Hollywood to make the movie version of the Broadway hit, *Too Many Girls*. Taking one look at luscious (5 ft. 7 in., 130 lbs.) Lucille, who was wearing a sweater and skirt, he cried: "Thass a honk o' woman," and asked: "How would you like to learn the rumba, baby?" He took her for a ride in his blue convertible, with the gold initials on the door, and she shudderingly recalls that the only time the speedometer dipped below 100 m.p.h. was when he rounded a curve. On the way home, Desi hit a bump and, as Lucille tells it, a fender flew off. He simply flicked the ash from his Cuban cigarillo and sped on.

Lucille was as dazzled by his full name (Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha III) as by his history. The only child of a prosperous Cuban politician who had been mayor of Santiago and a member of the Cuban Senate, Desi had fled to Miami with his mother during the revolution of 1933. His father, a supporter of President Machado, was put in jail, and the Arnaz possessions disappeared in the revolution.

After six months, Desi's father was released from jail and rejoined his family in Miami, where he went into the export-import business. Desi, who was 16, enrolled in St. Patrick's High School (his closest friend was Al Capone's son Albert), and got a part-time job cleaning canary cages for a firm which sold birds to local drugstores. He soon found steadier work as a guitarist in a four-piece band incongruously called the Siboney Sextette. The critics agreed on Desi's meager musical gifts. "He was always off-beat," says Theater Owner Carlos Montalban. "But he's an awfully nice guy—a clean-cut Latin."

Conga Line. Whatever Desi had, it was something the public liked. He began beating a conga drum in Miami and soon nightclub audiences, from Florida to New York, were forming conga lines behind him. His good looks and unquenchable good humor interested Producer George Abbott, who was searching for a Latin type to play a leading role in *Too Many Girls*. "Can you act?" asked Abbott. "Act?" answered Desi, expansively. "All my life, I act."

The courtship of Desi and Lucille was predictably stormy. Says a friend: "He's very jealous. She's very jealous—they're both very jealous." They were married in 1940, while Desi was leading his orchestra at the Roxy in New York and Lucille was between pictures in Hollywood. She flew in from the Coast; they got up at 5 a.m. and drove to Connecticut, where they were married by a justice of the peace. Since they had no apartment, Desi compromised by carrying his bride across the threshold of his dressing room at the Roxy. Hollywood offered odds that the marriage would not last six weeks.

The marriage lasted better than six weeks, but after four years trouble blew. Desi kept moving about the country with his band, and Lucille, when not making pictures, mostly sat home alone. Their



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She didn't even do heel work.

marriage was drifting on the rocks, and only World War II averted immediate shipwreck. Desi refused a commission in the Cuban army and was drafted into the U.S. infantry. He was moved on to Special Services, and spent much of the war shepherding USO troupes from one base to another.

In 1944, Lucille filed suit for divorce. She won an interlocutory decree but never got around to filing for her final papers. The reason: she and Desi were in the midst of a new reconciliation. But all the old difficulties remained. Lucille would sit right after night at the clubs where Desi's band was playing, but that resulted in rings under her eyes rather than a new intimacy. She tried cutting down on her movie work by starring in a CBS radio show called *My Favorite Husband*, and Desi also took a flyer at radio. They worked out a vaudeville act and toured U.S. theaters with their new routines.

Lucille credits Desi with being the one who was willing to take a chance on TV. "He's a Cuban," she says, "and all Cubans gamble. They'll bet you which way the tide is going and give you first pick." But it was a real gamble. Movie exhibitors do not look kindly upon movie stars who desert to the enemy. If the show flopped, Lucille would have no place to crawl back to. They told CBS that they would give television a try only if both of them could be on the same show. At first, they wanted to play themselves. They compromised by turning Desi into Ricky Ricardo, a struggling young bandleader, and letting Lucille fulfill her lifelong ambition of playing a housewife.

The decision to film the show also made

CBS bigwigs uneasy. It would cost four times as much as a live show, and the only interested sponsor, Philip Morris, wasn't prepared to go that high. Again there was a compromise. Desi and Lucille agreed to take a smaller salary in return for producing the show and keeping title to the films.

Real Plumbing. Long years in the practical business of orchestra leading had given Desi considerable organizing ability and business sense. He set up Desilu Productions (Desi president, Lucille vice president), and leased a sound stage from an independent Los Angeles studio. Because Lucille was "dead" without an audience, a side wall of the studio was knocked out to make a street entrance, and seats installed for an audience of 300. When a show is ready for the cameras, the audience laughter is picked up on overhead microphones and used in the final print.

Though *I Love Lucy* is filmed, it is more like a play than a movie. All of the lines and action are memorized and, whenever possible, the show is played straight through from beginning to end, and not shot in a number of unrelated scenes. The action takes place on four sets; two of them represent the Ricardos' Manhattan apartment, a third shows the nightclub where Ricky's band plays and the fourth is used for any other scenes called for by the script. Says Desi proudly: "We have real furniture, real plumbing, and a real kitchen where we serve real food. Even the plants are really growing; they're not phonies."

Desilu Productions hired a pair of veteran troupers, William Frawley and Vivian Vance, to play the family next door and serve as foils and friends for Desi and Lucille. Academy Award-winning Karl (The Good Earth) Freund supervises the three cameras, and Director Marc Daniels (soon to be replaced by Bill Asher) gives *Lucy* its rattling pace. The writers—Jess Oppenheimer, Bill Carroll and Madelyn Pugh—turn out scripts that do not impose too much on the audience's credibility and are reasonably free of clichés. The writers are held in an esteem not common in TV. Lucille bombs Jess Oppenheimer with photographs flattering—inscribed to "the Bossman," and Desi has presented him with a statuette of a baseball player and a punning tribute, "To the man behind the ball."

"Want a Play Card?" Desi and Lucille live an unpretentious life on a five-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley. The only Hollywood note is a kidney-shaped swimming pool, and the most recent addition to the house (a wing devoted to daughter Lucie and her nurse) cost \$22,000—more than the house and land cost originally. Neither Desi nor Lucille has ever been socially ambitious, and their friends are the same ones they have known for years. Both Desi's mother (now divorced from Arnaz Sr., who still lives in Miami) and Lucille's Mom live near by.

At home, Lucille, who collects stray cats and dogs, is an amateur painter ("I use oils because it's easier to correct mistakes than with water colors"), and generally considers herself a lazy, lounging

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homebody. She is fascinated by Desi's boundless energy. He spends weekends fishing on his 34-foot cabin cruiser, *Desilu*; plays violent tennis; likes to cook elaborate dishes. Says Lucille: "Everything is fine with him all the time. Wanna play cards? Fine. Play games? Fine. Go for a swim? Great." There's only one problem: "Desi is a great thermostat sneaker-upper and I'm a thermostat sneaker-downer. Cold is the one thing that isn't great with him."

Sex & Chic. Though life has grown noticeably more placid for Desi and Lucille, it promises more money than they ever made before. Desilu Productions has already branched out beyond *I Love Lucy*. It is filming TV commercials for Red Skelton, and is at work on a new TV series, *Our Miss Brooks*, starring Eve Arden. Three of the best 30-minute *Lucy* shows are being put together in a package and will be experimentally released to movie theaters in the U.S. and Latin America. This year, *I Love Lucy* has grossed about \$1,000,000, and Sponsor Philip Morris has signed a contract for 39 more shows beginning this fall. All of the old *Lucy* films can be sold again as new TV stations go on the air (eventually there will be 2,053 TV transmitters in the U.S., compared to today's 108).

In reaching the TV top, Lucille's tele-genic good looks may be almost as important as her talent for comedy. She is sultry-voiced, sexy, and wears chic clothes with all the aplomb of a trained model and showgirl. Letters from her feminine fans show as much interest in Lucille's fashions as in her slapstick. Most successful comedienne (e.g., Imogene Coca, Fanny Brice, Beatrice Lillie) have made comic capital out of their physical appearance. Lucille belongs to a rare comic aristocracy: the clown with glamour.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 23. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Short Story (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). John Collier's *De Mortuis*.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). Hardy's *Return of the Native*.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Bishop Misbehaves*, with Charles Laughton, Josephine Hull, Vanessa Brown.

Candidates and Issues (Tues. 10 p.m., CBS). Warren, Stassen, Russell, Kerr, Kefauver. The issue: "Would You Support a Federal Fair Employment Practices Law?"

TELEVISION

Schlitz Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). *Love Came Late*, with Luise Rainer.

Your Show of Shows (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Abraham Lincoln.

Celanese Theater (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). *Yellowjack*, with Macdonald Carey, Walter Abel.

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ART



Virgilio Muro, Madrid

HORSES BY HERRING . . .
More important to be inimitable . . .

Something Borrowed?

In the smoky coffeehouses where Madrid's art world gathers, an ugly word was buzzing last week around the name of Surrealist Salvador Dali: "Plagiarism." The respected newspaper, A.B.C., had printed a series of photographs pointing up likenesses between Dali's work and that of some of his predecessors, Dali's *Christ of St. John of the Cross* (TIME, Dec. 17), said A.B.C., resembles a Crucifixion by the 81-year-old French artist Auguste Leroux. A dog in a recent Dali picture is the image of a dog in Anje Bru's *Martyrdom of St. Medin* (circa 1500), and the Dali horses in his set for the ballet *Mad Tristan* look like John Frederick Herring's 19th century favorite, *Pharaoh's Horses*. A.B.C. captioned its story "Three Coincidences," and let its readers judge for themselves.

At first glance, there did seem to be striking resemblances. Dali's *Christ*, like Leroux's, was seen from above and from much the same angle. The Dali dog rested head on forepaws in exactly the same po-

sition as Bru's, had the same collar and the same markings. And the main difference between Dali's wild-eyed horses and Herring's was that Dali had painted his with crumbling brick foreheads.

Dali's friends and admirers went into a frenzy of defense. But the master himself seemed supremely unconcerned. "Plagiarism?" he snorted. "Just my own original method of using images from my dreams and from some souvenirs of long ago. I myself will discover hundreds of so-called plagiarisms in my work . . . The cover of my latest book is a collage of Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*. I have no less than six paintings strictly derived from Millet's *Angelus*. Let my enemies gloat . . . To imitate is not important. To be inimitable is most important. I remain one of the greatest living painters."

Lost to the Louvre

"Don't make any gestures, madame," the auctioneer cautioned sharply. "We catch them all." In Paris' jammed Galerie Charpentier last week, 1,500 people watched breathlessly as the finest collection in years went under the hammer. The merest raising of a pencil could jump the price 100,000 francs. The first painting was Fragonard's *The Dreamer*; in five minutes it was sold for 3,100,000 francs (about \$94,284). Then, one by one, 63 paintings and drawings and six sculptures from the Cognacq collection went to new owners. The sales total three hours later: 302 million francs, more than \$860,000.

France's wealthiest dealers and collectors battled it out. Renoir's *Young Girl with Flowers in Her Hat* went for \$64,000, Van Gogh's *The Thistles* for \$47,000, Fragonard's *The Girl with the Dogs* for \$10,000. The prize piece: Cézanne's simple still life, *Apples and Biscuits*. When the auctioneer finally banged down his



Virgilio Muro, Madrid

. . . AND BY DALI
. . . than to imitate.

hammer, a French lead-mine millionaire wrote out a check for 33 million francs (\$94,284), the highest auction price ever paid for a Cézanne.

Businessman's Investment. The collection was the work of a pair of hardheaded Paris businessmen, Department Store Owner (*La Samaritaine*) Ernest Conacq and his nephew Gabriel. Ernest, who started out in 1851 as a twelve-year-old calico salesman and 30 years later owned a \$4,000,000 business, was a man with little interest in Paris artistic life. ("It's fine until the music starts," he would say of *opéra comique*. "Then I fall asleep.") But he did have a bargain-hunter's eye for valuable painting. Shopping around, he put some of his wealth into the rising crop of French moderns while they were still inexpensive. By the time he died in 1928, the Cognacq collection could boast some 300 masterpieces worth nearly \$600,000.

Gabriel took up where his uncle left off. Buying sparingly but wisely, and using his money to sponsor rising artists, he soon became a widely respected patron of the arts. Then World War II came along, and



CÉZANNE'S "APPLES AND BISCUITS"

Uncle Ernest had a bargain hunter's eye.



RENOIR'S "YOUNG GIRL WITH FLOWERS IN HER HAT"



THE BRIDGE THAT REFRESHES

Museums lucky enough to have money to spend on new purchases often have trouble deciding what to buy: the safe and expensive work of past masters, or contemporary art with its clearly speculative appeal. Among the many U.S. museums that have chosen to gamble on today's product (and thus give living artists a helping hand) is the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, in San Francisco. Perhaps the best of its 1952 purchases (cost: \$900) is John Koch's *The Bridge*, above.

Done in misty oil glazes over a light-filled tempera under-

painting, the picture has rare technical polish. It shows the artist's own Manhattan studio, with the Queensborough Bridge looming at the window. The artist-wife of fellow-painter Reginald Marsh was the model for the foreground figure. "It was a picture I sweated out," Koch says happily, "but the finished canvas looks fresh." Koch (pronounced Coke) specializes in sweet, cool paintings that are more refreshing than stimulating. In an age that favors acid, violent art, they have earned him a stylish livelihood at 42, and a steadily growing reputation.

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they see that these fabrics tailor just so—drape smoothly—look like a million, yet carry practical price tags.

But why not test *your* clothing "know-how"? Look over the suits, slacks, shirts and jackets at your favorite men's or women's shop. Do the numbers that attract your eye shout style . . . whisper price? Ten-to-one you've selected the modern apparel for young-minded people from six to sixty—rayon clothes for casual year-round wear! American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



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Gabriel got into trouble. As president of the council which ran the Louvre, Frenchmen said he had kowtowed to Pétain and the Nazis. His friends said that, if so, it was for the sake of art. But the taunt of Vichy was on him, and after the war he was fired from the museum council.

French Pride. Old and embittered, Gabriel Cognacq was too proud to defend himself. His revenge, before he died last year, was to rewrite his will, cutting off the Louvre without a single painting, and stipulating that the Cognacq collection be sold at public auction.

At the Galerie Charpentier, the representatives of the Louvre sat stiff-backed in their chairs while the Cézannes, Renoirs and Van Goghs went by. At any point, under French law, the Louvre men could have stood up, cited a financial act of 1926, and bought any painting by simply matching the final bid. But the Louvre had just as much pride as old Gabriel Cognacq. They never so much as raised a pencil.

Outside Is Everything

How should a modern artist react to the atomic age? In Venice last week, as Italian painters who call themselves "spatialists" and "nuclearists" gave their answer with an exhibit "inspired by the atomic bomb," the canvases were almost as explosive as the bomb itself: furious fireballs of bright colors and bold contrasts. Prizewinning explosion: a churning blue and green mass by a 29-year-old artist named Gianni Dova. At the top of his painting was a digging black splash with a fiery red spot. The impression he hopes to give, says Dova, is that the bomb is alive, and will "continue to grow until it overwhelms everything."

Spatialist Dova trets at the odd idea that a painting is something to be enclosed by a frame: "I want to conclude my ideas outside the frame, to give the sensation that outside is everything."

Lucio Fontana, 63, who founded the spatialist school in Buenos Aires six years ago, also submitted a display. It was a spinning, nebular mass perforated with hundreds of tiny holes and lighted from the back. "We conceive of art," says Head Spatialist Fontana, "as the sum of physical elements—color, sound, movement, time, space—forming a physical, psychic unity . . . an art which must be communicated through new techniques and mediums." He foresees a day when vibrating images and even smoke will be televised as art. "For me," he says, "painting within a frame is dead, and sculpture as we know it is dead."

The reactions of Venice's art lovers ranged all the way from bewilderment to outright anger. "Art is a religion," growled 85-year-old Giuseppe Cherubini, dean of Venetian painters. "If it were up to me, I would do as Christ did when he kicked the profaners out of the temple. These paintings are made with water and idle talk." But idle or not, spatialism was the talk of Venice. During the first week, 4,000 crushed in for a look at the atomic fireballs and glowing pinholes.

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Q.E.D.

The entire geometry class of the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles was agreed. Not one of them could make head or tail of the problem: "The common external tangent of two tangent circles of radii 8 inches and 2 inches is _____. Fortunately, the class secretary, 15-year-old Johanna Mankiewicz, had an inspiration. All the class had to do, she decided, was to write a letter to the Most Famous Physicist in the World.

"I realize," Johanna wrote, "that you are a very busy man, but you are the only person we know of who could supply us with the answer . . ." Then, after relaying the problem, she commented: "I think you will agree it is the hardest thing!"

Apparently, it wasn't too hard for the Famous Physicist, for he replied by return airmail, though he forgot to put a 6¢ stamp on the envelope. In any case, Johanna got his letter, with a diagram® and instructions on how to do the problem. The Physicist's diagram merely suggested that a right triangle can be formed from 1) the line of centers, 2) a line parallel to the common tangent and running through the center of the smaller circle, and 3) the radius of the larger circle. The length of the tangent can then be found by applying the Pythagorean Theorem. "This," concluded the great man, "gives the solution." Then he signed his initials—A.E., for Albert Einstein.

The Project

According to campus tradition, every class at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina (Greensboro, N.C.) must have a "project," and the class of '52 wanted theirs to be something special. In their freshman year, the girls met and finally decided: they would support one of their own members through college by raising money and turning it over to two faculty advisers. An essential condition of the fund: none of the girls was to know which of her classmates got the scholarship.

For three years the advisers guarded their secret, and each year the girls added to their kitty. They sold stockings and stationery, put on shows, often chipped in some of their own allowances. Meanwhile, ordinary campus activities went on. The girls joined clubs, took examinations, got to be seniors. Finally came the time for the election of permanent class officers.

It was the last meeting of the class, and every girl was on hand as the nominations for permanent president began. One name proposed filled the room with cheers: it was little (103 lbs.) Lila June Rainey of Lexington, N.C., who had already been elected president of the student body and

probably a rather halting diagram for Johanna. Instead of drawing the tangent circles the problem called for, the Physicist spread his circles apart, introduced a third circle with a radius equal to the difference between the radii of the original two.



Associated Press

CALIFORNIA'S MANKIEWICZ
For the great man, the hardest thing, had run away with a host of undergraduate honors. The only other girl nominated quickly withdrew ("I'm not going to run against June"). June was elected by acclamation, and the meeting was about to break up, when one of the faculty advisers said: "May I say something I've been waiting three years to say?"

The adviser, Dr. Eugenia Hunter, spoke slowly at first, reminding the girls of how the project had begun and of how the scholarship worked. "I have watched this scholarship grow," said she, "as I watched the girl grow with it." Then, turning to the most popular member of the class, she broke the secret. "The girl who received it is the girl you have just elected your everlasting president—Lila June Rainey."



Associated Press

NORTH CAROLINA'S RAINES
With stockings and stationery, a secret.

Window Opener

Not since Anna set off for the court of the King of Siam had a simple schoolmarm received such an invitation. The Emperor of Japan wanted to hire an American lady to teach his eldest son English, and several important U.S. educators sent in the names of likely candidates. Finally the decision came in the form of a cable. "The Imperial Household," said the cable from Japan, "has decided on Vining (repeat) Vining."

Last week, in a chatty new book,* Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Vining, 49, told what happened to her after the message arrived. A tall, kindly Quaker from Philadelphia, she sailed for Japan on Oct. 1, 1946, took up her new duties within the palace moat exactly 17 days later. But she soon learned that her duties involved more than teaching English. "We want you," said the Emperor's Grand Steward, "to open windows on to a wider world for our Crown Prince."

Gandhi to Gettysburg. During the next four years, Elizabeth Vining tried to do just that, and in the process she became more intimate with Japan's royal family than any Westerner in history. She found the Emperor a "shy and sensitive man," the Empress a "comfortable, motherly figure." But her favorite royal personage was twelve-year-old Crown Prince Akihito himself—"a lovable-looking small boy, round-faced and solemn but with a flicker of humor in his eyes."

From the start, the Prince and Mrs. Vining got along. She had him as a pupil both in class and in private, and since she knew no Japanese, she had to think up some strange Occidental ways of teaching. She brought him the illustrated *Book of Knowledge*, acted out words for him, invented a tennis game to be played on paper. Gradually, as his vocabulary increased, he began to explore territory beyond "How are you today?" and "Is your cold better?" He wanted to know about Alexander Graham Bell, Gandhi and the U.N. In time, he read Carl Sandburg's *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*, learned the *Gettysburg Address*, and Mrs. Vining "entertained hopes that some day at a diplomatic dinner, he would be able to dazzle the American Ambassador by an apt quotation." By the time Mrs. Vining's four years were up, the Prince was reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, could chatter away fluently.

Jimmy & Snap. In four years, he also changed in other ways. At twelve, he had been a stiff, lonely boy who lived in a big, cold house with no one except his retinue of chamberlains and servants to keep him company. Wherever he went the chamberlains followed, and he seemed unable to make the simplest decision without consulting them. To straightforward Mrs. Vining, that was no way for a boy to grow up, and she decided to do something about it.

In school she gave his entire class English names, began calling the Prince "Jimmy" ("No, I am Prince," he

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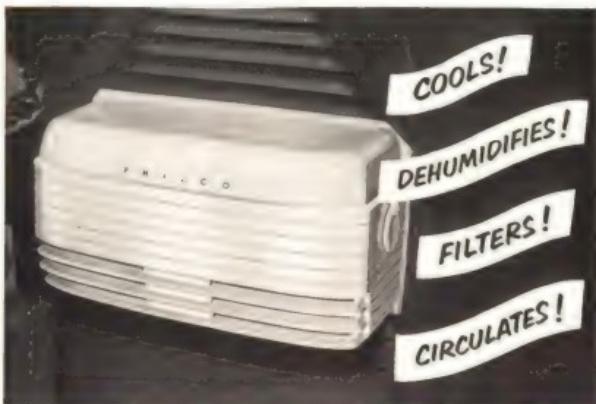


Pueblo Indian
Comanche Dancer
— painted by
an Indian artist



* *Windows for the Crown Prince*; Lippincott; \$4.

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protested at first). She arranged to have his classmates visit him, taught them to play hide & seek, took them on picnics. She even made some progress in the matter of his retinue—"to the point that although [a] chamberlain still accompanied him to the school building, they parted and went inside by different doors!"

Gradually Mrs. Vining's influence spread to the rest of the imperial family. She gave English lessons to the Empress, taught the Princesses to sing Christmas carols, played "snap" with the Emperor. She took Akihito to meet General MacArthur ("Honorable Across the Moat"), driving him in her own car. Though she did not know it, she was opening another window for the Prince. "It will be recorded in our history," said a courtier, "[as] the first time that a Crown Prince of Japan has ridden alone



Kumagaya

TEACHER VINING & PUPIL
Her Majesty feels lonesome.

with a Western lady, going to visit a
Westerner.

To her Sorry . . . One day in 1950,
Mrs. Vining announced that it was time
for her to go. The Prime Minister awarded
her the Third Order of the Sacred Crown,
and the members of the imperial family
showered her with gifts—photographs,
poems, silks and vases. But they apparently
had no intention of forgetting Mrs.
Vining. Months later, she received a series
of messages from the Empress, delivered
in Philadelphia in careful translation and
with elaborate formality by an imperial
emissary:

"1) Her Majesty feels lonesome that
she has no longer your lesson of English.

"2) She gets your picture on her desk
and thinks as if she were seeing you every
day.

"3) She is now reading your book *William Penn* with much interest.

"4) Last year she recollects that you
taught a Christmas carol to her . . . At
that time you said that you would teach it
again the next year, but, to her sorry, you
have gone 'the next year.'"



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RELIGION

Words of the Week

"In nine cases out of ten what goes by the name of tolerance is really apathy. There are too many easy-going Americans who are up in arms against nothing because they have no fixed standards of right and wrong. They do not come out positively and wholeheartedly on the side of anything because, unlike their fathers, they have no robust convictions. Tolerance is a virtue, but it is not the supreme virtue."

—The Rev. Robert J. McCracken, pastor of Manhattan's Riverside Church (see below), in *The Churchman*.



United Press

SOUTHERN BAPTIST GREY
Northward, a vast field.

Messengers in Miami

The Southern Baptist Convention held the largest annual meeting in its 107-year history last week. Besides 11,063 "Messengers" (the official title of Convention delegates), an extra 10,000 out-of-town guests and spectators tried to squeeze into the daily sessions at Miami's Dinner Key Auditorium,⁹ where the Messengers approved the well-prepared resolutions of the Convention's 43 reporting committees.

As usual, the Convention noted a big increase in Southern Baptists: up 293,659 from last year to a total of 7,373,498, double the membership a generation ago. Warned Convention President James D. Grey: "The glory of this achievement is greatly reduced when we consider that it took 15.6 of us working the whole year to bring one person to the confession of Christ as Savior."

By Miami convention standards, it was a quiet crowd. Business, grumbled a taxi driver, was "terrible." Then you came to town with a ten-dollar bill and the Ten Commandments and they ain't busted one of them yet."

After re-electing President Grey for his second one-year term, the Messengers discussed the problems of making new converts—especially in the North and West. The U.S. as a whole, said Dr. W. A. Criswell, pastor of Dallas' First Baptist Church, is "a vast, lost, pagan mission field." Out of 1,000,000 school children in New England, he reported, "1,000,000 of them are growing up without any religious instruction whatsoever. In the West the story is the same . . . This is a call to arms among our Southern Baptist people."

The delegates put on the record their uncompromising opposition¹⁰ to any ambassador to the Vatican. Said Dr. Grey: "Baptists will speak for themselves to every aspirant for the White House this year and every year. In conscience's sake, they cannot countenance any candidate, even one of their own number,¹¹ who does not make it crystal clear that he opposes any and all missions to the Vatican or to any other religious organization in the world."

Other resolutions urged a better program of race relations, denounced UMT, mixed marriages with Roman Catholics, corruption and other laxities in the U.S. Government. Said the Rev. James W. Middleton of Shreveport, La.: "One shudders to think of the delicately balanced policies and decisions of far-reaching moment to the world in an hour of crisis in the hands of Bourbonized judgment."¹²

Resignation in Scarsdale

Since his ordination 23 years ago, William C. Kerman has made a name for himself as an Episcopal priest. In addition to his parish duties as assistant to the rector of the Church of St. James the Less in suburban Scarsdale, N.Y., Father Kerman has appeared as a religious spokesman on frequent radio and TV programs. Most recently he has been leading a fight against "Communist influences" in Scarsdale's public schools. Last week, after preaching at the morning service, 52-year-old High Churchman Kerman told his rector that he did not consider himself an Episcopalian any more: he was seeking admission to the Roman Catholic Church.

To Father Kerman, it was the second big step in his life in his search for religious certainty. He was brought up a Baptist, but turned to the Episcopal Church in college days (Yale '23) because he was distressed at the latitude of belief among Northern Baptists. But over the years, Father Kerman's satisfaction with the Episcopal communion began to wear thin. He wanted to speak for his church on such matters as birth control (which he opposes) and the invocation of the saints (which he advocates). But he found no binding pronouncements by Episcopal Church authority either in favor of these practices or against them. He felt himself equally helpless even to enforce some of the explicit rules of the church, e.g., the

⁹ E.g., Harry Truman,

"You're right E. R.,
this new Patapar really
does resist oil!"



Stops grease "crawl!"

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T-6

"bounden duty" of every Episcopalian to attend services on Sunday. Says Kerman: "The laity may do almost anything they want . . . If you tell them that something's their bounden duty, they're liable to get sore at you . . ."

Father Kerman summed up his personal dilemma: "Authority means law which is enforceable. There is an absolute lack of authority in the Episcopal Church—at least so far as the priesthood is concerned. Our Lord did not found the church on the laity. He founded it on the priesthood. Yet the rector of an Episcopal church has to do what the people want him to do."

As the pressure of his doubts grew heavy, Episcopalian Kerman began looking outside his own communion, decided that he belonged in the Church of Rome. Last week, though he has no definite plans for supporting his wife and six children, he told his friends he felt like a new man.



Clifford E. Grey
FATHER KERNAN
He could kick himself.

Said he: "The search had gone on for a long time. I'm glad it's over. The trouble with the Episcopal Church is the same as the trouble with the Baptists—only it took me 35 years to find that out. I could kick myself."

Unity Outside

Since Harry Emerson Fosdick's days as minister, the congregation of Manhattan's Riverside Church has proudly represented a "Christian unity in miniature inside the Church." The 3,447 members include almost every variety of Christian background, from Presbyterian to Greek Orthodox. The largest single group, the Baptists, account for only 20% of the total. Last week Riverside's congregation voted to push their Christian unity further forward. Without sacrificing their official affiliation with the American Baptist Convention, they applied for membership in New York's Congregational Church Association.



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Composer's Corner

Switzerland's Frank Martin, 61, writes music professionally, cooks for relaxation. His music resembles his recipes: not too dry or too watery, not too heavy, not too much seasoning. He has written in just about every musical form except opera, but his output is comparatively small. His musical pace is a peaceful amble: "I find my compositions are better when I write slowly than when I try to do it in a hurry." International recognition has come to him only since the war, but he is now his nation's ranking composer.*

Last week before a Paris audience Frank Martin placed a major work: his new, half-hour-long *Violin Concerto*. Swiss Conductor Ernest Ansermet and Hungarian-born Violinist Joseph Szigeti made it a labor of love, took five curtain calls. Martin rose twice from his box seat, bowed shyly. Said Szigeti: "A truly extraordinary concerto . . . It is caressingly sweet and yet it avoids all grandiloquence." Said Conductor Ansermet: "A great work."

Martin, a reedlike, sensitive-looking man, was the tenth child of a Calvinist minister. After the Geneva Conservatory and a hitch in Switzerland's standing army, he settled down to a life of teaching and composing. A visit to Paris shook him out of his native conservatism: he experimented with radical rhythmical structures, later with the twelve-tone technique, but absorbed only what he wanted from them and went his own way. His musical language now reflects both Schoenberg and Debussy, but its message is personal. The *Violin Concerto* conveys a sense of warmth and tragedy; his oratorio *Golgotha* expresses his profound religious feeling; his *Petite Symphonie Concertante* has some of the pastoral air that the composer has breathed on hikes about Switzerland.

Recently Martin has been living in Amsterdam, which he enjoys because "I like plenty of tranquility, and in Geneva I didn't get enough of it." In Amsterdam, the social demands on a shy composer are few: "I don't speak Dutch. I work in my corner." While he works, his music travels: his *Symphonie Concertante* will be played next season by the Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles and Rochester symphonies. Manhattan heard his *Golgotha* last winter, will hear Szigeti and the *Violin Concerto* next fall.

New Records

For the first time since the late Artur Schnabel's memorable performances of 1932, all 32 of the Beethoven piano sonatas have been recorded (for Decca) by one man. The pianist: Germany's Wilhelm Kempff, 56. In Paris last fall, Kempff played the complete Beethoven cycle in

* Switzerland claims notable Arthur (King David) Honegger, but so does France, because of his Paris education and long residence there.



FRANK MARTIN
Amsterdam without Dutch.

recital, and Paris' critics forthwith ranked him ahead of Schnabel, Backhaus and Serkin. For the time being, at least, U.S. Beethoven fans will have to appraise his works from recordings. Like his fellow German pianist, Walter Giesecking, Kempff chose to go on playing in Germany under Hitler, now seems disinclined to risk McCarran Act visa difficulties, and the kind of uproar that sent Giesecking home in 1949. He has recorded most of the Beethoven sonatas in the past (for Polydor), but the Decca disks are new and marked by lustrous tone and silent surfaces. Kempff plays with splendid seriousness—in the



WILHELM KEMPF
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diabolical *Hammerklavier*, delivers such lighter sonatas as *Op. 2, No. 3* with a hint of mischief. Twelve of his performances have been released on six LPs; the rest will be out next month.

Other new records:

Bloch: Israel Symphony (Vienna State Opera Orchestra and soloists of the Akademie Choir, Franz Litschauer conducting; Vanguard, 2 sides LP). An early work in Ernest Bloch's monumental "Jewish cycle" in a first recording. Its single movement falls into three large sections, contrasts richly contemplative and passionate moods. Voices add a songful quality to the finale. Performance and recording: good.

George London: Dramatic Scenes from Russian and French Operas (with the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, conducted by Kurt Adler and Jean Morel; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Up & coming George London uses his darkly magnificent bass-baritone to best advantage in the melodramatic scene from *Prince Igor*, sits rather heavily on the more lyrical ones. Other operas (all little known) from which London sings selections: Rubinstein's *The Demon*, Paderewski's *Patrie*, Massenet's *Don Quichotte*.

Martinu: Sonata for Piano and Flute (George Reeves and René Le Roy; EMS, 1 side LP). Melodic inspiration (vintage 1945) and superior performances make this attractive listening. The more astringent Martinu—and some spectacular pianism—are on the other side, where Charles Rosen plays five short studies and polkas and a longer work, *Les Ritournelles*. Recording: good.

Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream (New York Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting; Columbia, 1 side LP). For sheer beauty and realism of orchestral sound, this recording of the overture and four incidental pieces is one of the finest since the first LP was made. A kindling performance.

Puccini: Tosca (Maria Caniglia, Beniamino Gigli, Armando Bongioli; chorus and orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Rome, conducted by Oliviero de Fabritiis; Victor Treasury series, 4 sides LP). Puccini's fieriest, reissued in the fine, robust performance that was a pre-LP highlight. Recording: good.

Complete Piano Music of Ravel (Robert Casadesus: Columbia, 6 sides LP). A major undertaking by an artist who is at his best in French music. Casadesus delights in the pastel shadings of *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, ripples almost too effortlessly through the intricacies of *Gaspard de la Nuit*. For the four-hand *Mother Goose* suite and *Habanera*, he is assisted by his wife Gaby. Recording: good.

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Suite from Le Coq d'Or (French National Symphony Orchestra, Roger Désormière conducting; Capitol, 1 side LP). A color-rich score, played with elegance and recorded with luxuriant sound. The suite is also available on Vanguard, played by the State Radio Orchestra of the U.S.S.R., Nicolai Golovanov conducting. The latter reading is less sophisticated, has less resonant sound, but the recording is up to the standard of most U.S. releases.

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Born. To Iran's Princess Fatmeh Pahlavi, 23, who in 1950 remarried her husband in a Moslem ceremony in order to win back her royal prerogatives from her misfit brother, the Shah; and California Importer-Exporter Ali Vincent Lee Hillyer, 26, who, to help his wife, renounced Roman Catholicism and took no God but Allah: their first child, a son; in Santa Monica. Name: Cayvon Pahlavi. Weight: 7 lbs. 11 oz.

Born. To the Brooklyn Dodgers' Second Baseman Jackie Robinson, 33, and Rachel Robinson, 28; their third child, second son; in Manhattan. Name: David. Weight: 7 lbs. 4 oz.

Died. Franklin Lee Stevenson, 63, who, when down on his luck in 1924, hit upon an inspiration and a career as the "undertakers' poet laureate," at a starting fee of \$1 a stanza; of a heart ailment; in Chicago. His idea blossomed into a service called the Poet's Study, which circulated Stevenson's booklets to more than 200 mortuaries, which in turn passed canned condolences to mourners. His own self-authored epitaph closes: "Ah, there's not a thing to fear!"

Died. William Roughead, 82, Scottish lawyer who seldom practiced because he was too absorbed in masterfully chronicling classic trials and crimes (mostly murders); of a cerebral hemorrhage and pneumonia; in London. A chapter in his *Bad Companions*, recounting a celebrated 1810 slander suit that followed a vindictive schoolgirl's false accusation against her two spinster teachers, was the inspiration for Playwright Lillian Hellman's 1934 Broadway hit, *The Children's Hour*. Fact-Writer Roughead was called by Novelist Dorothy Sayers "the best showman that ever stood before the door of a chamber of horrors."

Died. Albert Basserman, 84, whose possession of the celebrated Iffland Ring* marked him as the foremost actor of German-speaking Europe; of a heart attack, soon after his plane from the U.S. landed in Zurich, Switzerland. In 1939, after the Nazis failed to persuade him to divorce his non-Aryan wife, Actress Else Schiff, Basserman at 72 fled with her to Switzerland and the U.S., started life all over again in Hollywood, acted with memorable brilliance in such movies as *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, *The Moon and Sixpence*, *Rhapsody in Blue*.

* Named for Vienna Actor August Wilhelm Iffland (1759-1814), who, smitten with a younger actor's performance, presented him with the ring, instructed him to name his own successor in the next generation. Although Iffland wanted his token of stage greatness passed on forever, Basserman, who got the ring in 1908, sadly decided that it was cursed after three actors, to whom he successively planned to give it, all died shortly thereafter. In 1946 he gave the heirloom to Vienna's Municipal Museum.



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TIME



TIME, MAY 26, 1952

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How to cut your worries

**George Gallup,
Founder of the Gallup Poll,
discusses a question
familiar to us all**

Recently, Gallup Poll reporters put this question to a representative cross section of people from all parts of the country:

THE QUESTION:

"What would you say is your biggest worry these days—the thing that disturbs you most?"

THE ANSWERS:

Money, finances	45%
War or threat of war	21%
Health problems	17%
Job or business security	4%
Miscellaneous worries	8%
No worries	5%

Despite wars and rumors of wars, twice as many people are worried about finances as are worried over the possibility of world conflict.

In an earlier survey we found that most people believe they would be happier if they had more money. Most people think they would be

perfectly happy if their incomes were about a third larger . . . whether their present income is large or small.

The obvious conclusion is that people spend entirely too much time worrying about how to get more money, instead of learning how to manage the funds they have at their disposal. Actually, very few people make the best use of their money.

You need to have a plan

By planning carefully, most people could reduce their money worries. Through life insurance, for example, you can provide against financial emergencies, and for adequate income in the years ahead, not only for yourself, but for your dependents.

Is there any surer way to remove the major worry in the lives of most Americans?

—GEORGE GALLUP

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS Still Growing

Amid all the talk of a business slump, the Commerce Department had some evidence last week that the economy is still growing. In the first quarter, it reported, the total output of goods and services was at an annual rate of \$339.5 billion, up \$11.7 billion from the full year 1951 and a new record. In the past, increases in the gross national product have been due in some measure to price rises, but this time, said Commerce, with prices stable, the jump resulted almost entirely from greater output and bigger incomes.

DIVIDENDS Better

In spite of the spotty showing in first-quarter profits (TIME, May 12), U.S. corporations paid out more dividends. Last week the Commerce Department reported that two-thirds of all U.S. corporations paid out first-quarter dividends that averaged 6% higher than in 1951. Oil stockholders' dividends were 25% higher.

SHIPPING

America's Bid

For the first time in 100 years it looked as if U.S. shipbuilders might recapture the transatlantic speed record for ocean liners.* The ship that would do it, if any could, was the new \$70 million *S.S. United States*, biggest liner ever built in a U.S.

* The *S.S. Baltic*, which set a transatlantic average speed of 31.34 knots in 1952, was the last U.S.-built ship to hold the record.

yard, which will make her maiden voyage for the U.S. Lines Co. on July 3. Last week she slipped from her dock in the Newport News shipyard for her first trial run.

The skipper, Commodore Harry V. Manning, held her to a fairly leisurely pace until the liner was some 100 miles off the Virginia Capes. Then he turned up her engines to something like full speed.

The four propellers, with a mighty thrust, churned up a boiling wake, and the great ship tore through the water at well over 30 knots with barely a tremor. Overheated bearings forced Commodore Manning to postpone the full-speed test. But some salts aboard estimated that at one time the ship was making about 35 knots, and would be capable of more with the engines full out. (The *Queen Mary*, current transatlantic champion, made her record run in 1938 at an average speed of 31.69 knots, hit a top full day's speed of 32.08.) Said Vice Admiral Edward L. Cochrane, chairman of the Federal Maritime Board who was a passenger: "The trials confirmed our conviction that the *United States* is the fastest liner in the world."



Roy Stevens

COMMODORE MANNING
An old record sought.

METALS

End of a Shortage

Beneath a bright Gulf Coast sun near Corpus Christi last week, 20,000 visitors trooped curiously through Reynolds Metals Co.'s brand-new \$80 million aluminum plant. They ate free Eskimo Pies* and hot-dogs kept warm on freshly poured pigs of aluminum, while a high-school band blared "Whistle While You Work." Reynolds Metals' pudgy, 43-year-old President Richard S. Reynolds Jr.† had something to whistle about: he now has the world's biggest aluminum pot-line.

The New Giant. How big Reynolds' empire is may be measured by the fact that in 1939, U.S. aluminum production was only 327 million lbs., and all of it was made by Alcoa. The new Reynolds plant alone will make 160 million lbs. a year. Moreover, when Reynolds completes its new \$35 million reduction plant at Arkadelphia, Ark., the company's total aluminum capacity will be 829 million lbs., 2½ times the whole nation's prewar production. Reynolds itself, little more than a maker of packaging foil before World War II, will then be the nation's No. 2 basic producer of aluminum. Not only Reynolds, but Alcoa and Kaiser, the other members of the big three, have been expanding as well. Because of the power shortage, the new plants have shunned the hydroelectric centers (TVA, Bonneville, etc.) where aluminum plants used to cluster, have had to seek alternative sources of cheap power.

* Now controlled by Reynolds, which long made Eskimo Pie foil-wrappers.

† Not to be confused with tobacco-heir Richard J. Reynolds, his first cousin once removed.

Reynolds' new plant burns natural gas (40 million cu. ft. daily) as does Kaiser's new \$115 million plant at New Orleans. Alcoa, still kingpin of the Big Three, will soon complete an \$80 million plant at Rockdale, Texas, using lignite, a peatlike fuel.

All this swift growth has boosted the industry's total capacity 30% since the Korean War began.

New Uses. By last week aluminum had grown so plentiful that NPA began taking off some of the restrictions on its use in building, e.g., starting July 1, each builder will be allowed 250 lbs. per quarter. Far from pressuring a glut, this prospect encouraged aluminum boosters like Dick Reynolds to predict that aluminum was just beginning to tap its future markets. "For the first time," said Reynolds, "there will be enough aluminum for major potential users to consider its use on a large scale." Alcoa's President Irving White Wilson is even more optimistic. Says Wilson: "Can we sell all this aluminum we are gearing up to produce? Yes, and maybe quite a lot more. Aluminum has only begun to realize its ultimate potentials."

Plenty of new uses are already appearing. For example, Buick's Dynaflow transmission alone uses 20 lbs. of aluminum v. 7 lbs. formerly used in the entire automobile. Chrysler is using aluminum in disc brakes; Nash is using aluminum extrusions for doors. G.E. is using it to replace brass in the base and sockets of light bulbs. Building (aluminum window frames, doors, roofing, which never need painting and last virtually forever) is already using one-third of total output.

The Government, not convinced that the U.S. has aluminum capacity to meet all emergencies, is holding a meeting this



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week to decide whether to launch a new expansion of 150,000 tons. But aluminum makers believe that present capacity alone will provide enough so that, by 1953's fourth quarter, all Government restrictions on aluminum use can be lifted.

Chemical Magic

Another strategic metal which has been in great shortage is cobalt, vital for hardening jet engines to resist intense heat. Last week the ingenuity of U.S. industry promised to boost the supply of cobalt 40% by 1953. Source of the promise: a new chemical refining process developed by American Cyanamid Co., fourth biggest U.S. chemical company.

While the U.S. has deposits of cobalt ore, much of it is low-grade and expensive to recover. As a result, 90% of the cobalt consumed by the U.S. (more than 8,200,000 lbs. a year) comes from Africa, which has abundant supplies. Cyanamid's process, developed by its Chemical Construction Corp. subsidiary, will enable the U.S. to utilize its own low-grade ores more cheaply, and produce pure cobalt from them at a much faster rate. For example, Howe Sound Co., for which "Chemico" is building a new \$2,500,000 Utah plant to utilize the process, will be able to turn out 4,000,000 lbs. a year of pure cobalt, or about 50% of U.S. consumption.

Chemico's Kansas-born chief engineer, Edward S. Roberts, 48, has been working on the process for 18 years; the company spent some \$3,000,000 on research perfecting it. It starts by immersing ground crude ore in chemicals and water to float out some foreign matter. The Chemico method, using ammonia or acid, dissolves this concentrate in an "autoclave," similar to a huge pressure cooker. The resulting ore-bearing liquid is piped through a filter into another pressure vessel, where terrific heat and force precipitate the pure metal as a fine powder.

Not only does Chemico's process promise to boost the output of cobalt, but Engineer Roberts says it works equally well with other low-grade ores such as nickel, copper and manganese (but not as yet with iron ores). Moreover, by reducing the amount formerly lost in slag, he says it can increase the pure metal recovered from scrap as much as 15% for copper, 70% for zinc. He predicted it could eventually cut the production costs of cobalt up to 80%, copper and nickel as much as 50%.

BANKING

A New Fourth?

Two Manhattan banks last week announced their intention to merge. The banks: Manufacturers Trust Co. (\$2.5 billion in deposits), New York Trust Co. (\$655 million). If stockholders approve the merger, the new bank, to be called the New York Manufacturers Trust Co., will become the fourth biggest in the U.S., displacing Manhattan's Guaranty Trust.

* Top three: Bank of America, National City Bank of New York, Chase National Bank.

DUMORE tools
can do more!



DUMORE®
hand grinders
help guard quality
for steel buyers

This Dumore hand grinder is spark testing alloy steels... revealing steel quality by the spark color and pattern thrown when the grinder wheel touches each bar. This is only one of hundreds of uses for Dumore hand grinders. They're easily adaptable to nearly every hand-grinding job... from light "snagging" on castings to cleaning and deburring finished parts.

Here's why manufacturers everywhere standardize on Dumore grinders. They can select from the world's most complete line of high-speed hand-grinding tools... ranging from 1/40 to 1/4 hp. Tools are lightweight, compact and balanced to minimize vibration and operating fatigue.

All motors are Dumore-built to specifications that assure the finest precision performance. Continuous duty rated for long tool life. Armatures are dynamically balanced... ball bearings are especially selected and fitted.

Ask your nearby industrial distributor for a demonstration of the quality line of Dumore hand grinders, or write



Tool Post Grinders • Flexible
Shaft Tools • Hand Grinders •
High-Speed Drilling Equipment

ARMAMENT

Upheaval at the Arsenal

Plainly, something was gravely wrong at the Detroit Arsenal, the biggest tank manufacturer in the U.S. During World War II, in an 18-month period, Chrysler had not only built the plant from the ground up, but turned out 729 completed tanks.* Yet in 18 months of Korean war, the Army Ordnance Department, starting with a fully equipped plant, had turned out far fewer tanks. Last week Secretary of the Army Frank Pace Jr. took drastic action to set things right: he announced that he is taking the plant away from Army Ordnance and turning it over to Chrysler.

The change will make Chrysler, already working on heavy T-43 tanks at its new Newark, Del. plant, the biggest tankmaker in the U.S., put it ahead of G.M., whose Cadillac division is turning out T-41 light tanks at its Cleveland plant. Chrysler was ready for the new production challenge. Its engineers have already perfected a new-model medium tank, the T-48, which the Army believes will be the best thing of its class yet made in the U.S. Since battle experience has shown that most fatal tank hits are on the hull, Chrysler has cast the T-48's hull in a single piece for added strength. It is designed with sloping sides to deflect enemy shells. The T-48's high-velocity 90-mm. gun has more punch than the 90-mm. mounted on some U.S. World War II tanks, and the gunner can swing on target with a new dead-eye range finder.

Moreover, in taking over the arsenal, Chrysler is getting a deal which will make it a "dual-purpose" plant, to be used for either war or peace production. The Army has agreed that Chrysler may use part of the plant's 1,200,000 sq. ft. of floor space to turn out civilian goods, provided the company doesn't fall behind in its tank production. Since the contract provides \$500 million in tank orders alone, it looked as if Chrysler would have its hands full for a long time to come.

RETAIL TRADE

New Boss at Macy's

For more than half a century, Macy's New York, the world's biggest department store, has never had a boss who was not a member of the owning Straus family. When Richard Weil Jr., a Straus grandson, stepped down from the presidency two months ago (TIME, March 24), the job was taken on by his first cousin, Jack Straus, who also runs the entire Macy chain. This week the family tradition was broken. Jack Straus announced a new boss for the store: 44-year-old Wheeler Hayward Bingham, who for seven years has run Macy's San Francisco in a way to make the whole family cheer in admiration.

Boston-born and educated, "Bing" Bingham was a promising freshman at Harvard when he spent a summer vacation working for Macy's in Manhattan. He sold a balky woman customer six pairs

* Chrysler went on to produce a total of 25,039, more than any other private manufacturer.



CAN YOU GUESS THE ANSWERS?

WHO INVENTED STEEL WIRE FENCE?



J. WALLACE PAGE IN 1883, WHO AS A YOUNG SOLDIER, WAS INSPIRED BY BURNING OF WOOD FENCES FOR CAMP FIRES. HIS COMPANY, NOW THE PAGE STEEL AND WIRE DIVISION OF ACCO, MAKES PAGE CHAIN LINK FENCE FOR HOMES, CEMETERIES, PUBLIC GROUNDS, AND MANY INDUSTRIAL USES.



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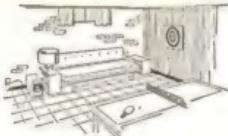


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Here's how thousands have stopped rust, mold and mildew . . .

In linen closets, basement playrooms, store rooms, shipping rooms, workshops, warehouses, photographic dark rooms—or any place where moisture is a problem.



18½" high—20½" long—11½" wide

Now you can stop moisture damage, too!

You can put a permanent end to your moisture worries the instant you plug in this amazing device. And there's no muss, fuss or messy chemicals to bother with. The Dehumidifier positively controls moisture in any closed area up to 8,000 cubic feet.

Its light weight and convenient hand-holds make it easily portable from room to room—and its smart new styling harmonizes with room furnishings.

For further details, see your Frigidaire Dealer. Or write for free folder to Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside (Toronto 17), Ontario.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.

The Frigidaire Dehumidifier is powered by the Motor-Magnet same you find in all Frigidaire Refrigerators. Backed by special 5-Year Protection Plan.



Frigidaire

Electric Dehumidifier

92

of shoes the first day there, was immediately rewarded with the offer of a spot on Macy's "training squad." Bing found the offer so alluring he never went back to college. Within a year, he was head of the store's Varsity Shop. At 22, the ex-shoe clerk became a full-fledged buyer, and at 32, a vice president.

As a Navy lieutenant in World War II, Bingham was picked to help organize the supply end of naval aviation. He did such a bang-up job that he won a commendation ribbon and was made a captain at 36. Then, in 1945, he got a call from Jack Straus: Macy's was expanding, had just bought San Francisco's old O'Connor, Moffat & Co., and Straus wanted Bingham to run it.

Bingham, just out of service, brought in a bunch of young ex-Navy men, hired not for merchandising experience but for organizing ability. "They hadn't acquired the traditional ways of thinking from other stores," says Bingham, who let them learn by their mistakes, and built what many retailers consider the best team of young merchandisers in the business. Bingham startled rivals with a newspaper-advertising splurge such as San Francisco had never seen, forced them to follow suit.

Within a year, the new boss had boosted sales to the point where the store was crowding its old quarters; Bingham added on buildings to double its floor space. Sales kept right on rising, until the San Francisco store pushed from sixth place to second, outsold only by The Emporium, which has twice as much floor space.

LICUOR

The Quintessence

*Fhoisron had a son
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spolt to flood
By drinking up ta water,
Which he would have done—
I, at least, believe it—
Had ta mixture been
Only half Glenlivet.*

—Old Scotch Ballad

The heart of Great Britain's export trade is the Scotch whisky industry; last year it earned \$63 million in dollar sales, more than any other single British manufacture.* The heart of the Scotch industry is Glenlivet, a potent, peat-smoky liquor which many U.S. Scotch fanciers have never heard of. Glenlivet is little known because 98½% of its 220,000-gal. annual output is siphoned off by big brand-name Scotch distillers, who use it to provide tang, bouquet and flavor to their own blends. Unlike other Scotch distillers, Glenlivet's owner, 56-year-old Captain William Henry Smith Grant, a kilted, decorated veteran of two wars,† never

* Woolens, the runner-up, produced only \$35 million; autos \$34 million.

† Twice wounded in World War I with the Gordon Highlanders, he won the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry; in World War II was a navy lieutenant commander.



Lillian Fagnani—Cal-Pictures

MACY'S BINGHAM
No need for Harvard.

made a blend in his life, and neither did his distilling forebears—father, grandfather and great-grandfather. Their only product was, and still is, pure malt whisky, slowly distilled from barley in old-fashioned pot stills.

Last week Smith Grant was winding up his busiest season since the war at Glenlivet Distillery, which stands on a brae overlooking a fertile Banffshire valley in the heart of the Highlands. Black peat smoke belched from the distillery's tall chimney, and the pungent odor of fer-



Atholian-Bon Accord and Northern Pictorial
GLENLIVET'S SMITH GRANT
Water? No. Ice? Never!

menting barley drifted from its odd-shaped kiln towers, Glenlivet's 50 workers, completing their biggest distilling season in seven years, processed the last batches of whisky before the annual summer shutdown. In the three summer months, the tumbling mountain springs which rise 1,200 feet above the glen go dry; then Glenlivet's men use the idle time to cut the next distilling season's peat fuel from the nearby bog of Faemussach.

Old Smugglers. Glenlivet men have been cutting Faemussach peat since 1824, when Grant's great-grandfather, George Smith, took out a license for his illicit still and legalized it as The Glenlivet Distillery. This won the enmity of his Highland neighbors, who ran some 200 bootleg stills in the glen, and smuggled their spirits to the Lowlands rather than pay duty to His Majesty's revenue officers. Highland hijackers waylaid Glenlivet's pony trains as they packed legal whisky over the craggy hills to Perth and Edinburgh. George Smith, a brace of loaded pistols strapped to his waist, protected the trains in person. By 1871, Glenlivet was the only still in the glen.

New Methods. Glenlivet was nearly done in by mass production. When Aeneas Coffey perfected a still which could mass-produce whisky from grain, giant distilling combines sprang up, added fine malt whisky to grain-distilled spirits; in 1900 they defeated the efforts of Glenlivet and other malt distillers to prevent them from using the name "Scotch" for such blends. Glenlivet and a handful of other malt distillers all but gave up the consumer market, became makers of whisky-makers' whiskies. Today, in the 16 bonded warehouses adjoining the distillery, there are more than 1,200,000 gallons of maturing Glenlivet, mostly in casks belonging to practically every brand-name maker of Scotch.

For the delight of a few well-heeled connoisseurs, Glenlivet bottles about 3,000 cases of pure malt liquor a year, ships 90% of it to the U.S., where it sells for \$10.39 a bottle, including taxes and duties. Glenlivet's Smith Grant has never advertised in the U.S., thinks that U.S. drinking habits are against a big market for his whisky. Like most Scotsmen, who say that straight Glenlivet "goes down singing hymns," he is horrified at the U.S. custom of drowning Scotch in water or soda, gulping it down iced.

In the U.S., the whisky market is now glutted: warehouses hold 900 million gallons of whisky, 80% more than ten years ago. Reason: many customers are buying less, or shifting to lighter drinks, because of stiff federal taxes on spirits, boosted last year from \$9 a gal. to \$10.50. At retail the price is still higher because venders add their normal markup (average 22%) to the tax itself.* While the Big Four dis-

* The worst victim of the tax grab is, ironically, the U.S. Treasury. In the first five months since the tax went into effect in November 1951, sales slipped so badly that the Treasury's total revenue from whisky taxes went off 21.4%, in spite of the higher rates.

This announcement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these shares. The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

989,599 Shares American Can Company

Common Stock (\$12.50 Par Value)

Rights, evidenced by subscription warrants, to subscribe for these shares have been issued by the Company to the holders of its common stock, which rights will expire at 3 o'clock P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time on May 26, 1952, as more fully set forth in the Prospectus.

Subscription Price \$26 1/4 a Share

The several underwriters may offer shares of common stock at prices not less than the Subscription Price set forth above (less, in the case of sales to dealers, the concession allowed to dealers) and not more than either the last sale or current offering price on the New York Stock Exchange, whichever is greater, plus an amount equal to the applicable New York Stock Exchange commission.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from each of the undersigned as may legally offer these shares in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

MORGAN STANLEY & CO.

CLARK, DODGE & CO.

KUHN, LOEY & CO. THE FIRST BOSTON CORPORATION BLYTH & CO., INC.

GOLDMAN, SACHS & CO. HARRIMAN RIPLEY & CO. LEHMAN BROTHERS

SMITH, BARNEY & CO. F. S. MOSELEY & CO. GLORE, FORGAN & CO.

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STONE & WEBSTER SECURITIES CORPORATION UNION SECURITIES CORPORATION

WHITE, WELD & CO. DEAN WITTER & CO.

May 9, 1952.



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Cleveland is close to markets, close to sources . . . has a diversity of skilled labor. And Central National Bank offers you every banking facility for doing business in Cleveland. Write us for any facts and figures you need about the Cleveland Area.

Ask

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This advertisement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities.
The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

NEW ISSUE

599,560 Shares

Ashland Oil & Refining Company

Cumulative Second Preferred Stock

\$1.50 Series of 1952

Without Par Value

Convertible prior to June 15, 1962

The Company is offering to the holders of its Common Stock the right to subscribe to these shares as set forth in the Prospectus. Subscription Warrants expire at 3:00 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, May 22, 1952.

Subscription Price to Warrant Holders \$30 per Share

During the subscription period and after its expiration, the several Underwriters may offer shares of this stock at prices and pursuant to terms and conditions as set forth in the Prospectus.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any state from such of the several Underwriters, including the undersigned, as may lawfully offer the securities in such state.

A. G. Becker & Co.
Incorporated

Blyth & Co., Inc. Eastman, Dillon & Co. Equitable Securities Corporation

Glore, Forgan & Co. Goldman, Sachs & Co. Harriman Ripley & Co.
Incorporated

Hemphill, Noyes, Graham, Parsons & Co.

W. E. Hutton & Co.

Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co.

Lee Higginson Corporation

Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fennier & Beane

The Ohio Company

Union Securities Corporation

White, Weld & Co.

May 9, 1952

NEW "Guest Ticket"

9 DAYS OF
UNLIMITED
RAIL TRAVEL

FOR ONLY \$30⁰⁰
THIRD CLASS

\$45.00 FIRST CLASS

A ticket you use like a pass — good on all trains (except "continental" boat trains), everywhere in Britain, for 9 days. YOUR TRAVEL AGENT will supply your ticket as well as train, channel steamer and hotel reservations.

IMPORTANT: This ticket must be secured here—NOT elsewhere in Britain. For literature and information write Dept. 37 at any British Railways Office.

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on LAND and SEA.
THE WORLD OVER

TIME's weekly chapter on
RELIGION helps you follow
the news of churches and
churchmen everywhere.

tillers (Schenley, National, Seagram's and Hiram Walker) insist that they will maintain prices, smaller distillers have already begun to cut prices of straight whiskies. Sample: United Distillers has slashed its J. W. Dant bottled-in-bond sour-mash bourbon by 90¢ a fifth, to \$4.49.

MONOPOLY

Nylon for Everybody

For seven years, the Justice Department's cartel-busting case against Wilmington's Du Pont and Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries has dragged through U.S. courts. In the interim both companies, charged with dividing up the world's chemical market and restricting production, have voluntarily taken steps to make the charges obsolete. Against the charge that I.C.I. does not compete with Du Pont in the U.S., the British company bought up Providence's Arnold Hoffman & Co., Inc., last year sold \$8,200,000 worth of goods in the U.S. Du Pont, accused of monopolizing nylon, voluntarily turned over its nylon processes to Chemstrand, a jointly owned subsidiary of its rivals, Monsanto and American Viscose.

Nevertheless, in Manhattan's federal court last week, Judge Sylvester Ryan ruled that none of this was sufficient. In an opinion outlining the decree which he will shortly issue, Judge Ryan said that Du Pont and I.C.I., which he had already found guilty of violating anti-trust laws, must divest themselves of three of their five jointly owned companies in Canada and South America, with total assets of \$400 million. Moreover, he found that Du Pont, as a penalty for having "misused" its patents on nylon, will have to make them available to all comers for a reasonable royalty. The misuse, said Judge Ryan, lay in Du Pont's failing to export nylon to the British market, thus giving I.C.I.'s British licensee, Courtauld's, a monopoly. By so doing, the court found, Du Pont failed to sell as much goods abroad as it might have done, and to that extent damaged the nation's export trade. In effect, it was not punishing Du Pont for getting too big a share of the world market, but for not getting enough. Licensing others to make nylon, it added, would undoubtedly start them exporting it, and force Du Pont to do so as well.

The Department of Justice's trustbusters wanted Judge Ryan to go further in punishment: open up all of Du Pont's future patents. This Judge Ryan sternly refused to do. He termed the demand itself unprecedented in law, and added that it "would be punitive as well as destructive of that driving incentive which has accounted for much of the remarkable development of the chemical industry." Noting that Du Pont had spent a total of \$166.8 million to bring nylon from test tube to mass production, he observed that it is also spending \$45 million a year on research. Said he: "Its past development of new products and processes has done much to promote our national economy and to meet the needs and requirements of national defense."

PLANES & PROFITS



SALESMAN BILL LANDAU
Contracts mean contracts



OMAR'S PILOT, JACK MALONEY, AND CESSNA
Field work means team work

PERSONNEL

Another You

In this year of mounting costs and zooming work loads, many a businessman wishes he were born twins. Across the U. S., thoughtful executives are turning to the 20th Century's greatest tool for saving time and doubling efficiency: the business airplane.

CLIENT RELATIONS

Man on the Spot

When Salesman Bill Landau tells an Iowa trucker or farmer, "I'll drop by in an hour," he means it—even though his prospect is 120 miles away. Landau, 38 and bespectacled, thinks nothing of setting down his Cessna 170 in a field beside the farmer's tractor—and polishing off an insurance contract then and there.

Landau heads Motor-Ways, Inc., a Des Moines truck insurance firm. He must work fast when he hears a trucker is about to rewrite insurance. The amount of business he does is in direct proportion to the number of shipper-cliente he sees.

Getting Around. Landau considers driving tiring and risky. Before he got his first business plane, he drove many thousands of fatiguing miles a year, was limited to a 100-mile radius of Des Moines. Now, with the Cessna 170, he covers more than twice as much territory, flies 60,000 air miles a year, is able to reach out for more choice accounts. By keeping flight plans flexible, Landau by-passes bad weather, gives his Cessna steady use.

Getting Ahead. Shrewd Bill Landau lets his Cessna help sell him to his

clients. Restrained truckers, their interest aroused, become friendly and receptive. Instead of being just another insurance salesman, Landau is a respected and well-remembered visitor.

Landau likes his Cessna's roominess, its ease of handling and dependability. But most of all, he's happy because the Cessna has expanded his business while relieving him of tedious highway travel.

MANAGEMENT

Branching Out

A persistent problem facing U. S. business is how to link the home office with the branches—and vice versa. Home office brass is constantly urged: a) to get out in the field more often; b) to cut down "away-from-desk" time.

This problem has been neatly met by Omar, Inc., a major Midwest bakery with a Cessna 190 and pilot. The company Cessna 190 is in constant use shuttling officials between general offices at Omaha and branches up to 700 miles away. Omar's Cessna 190 makes short work of travel time, ties together company operations with an efficiency no other transportation offers.

YOUR BUSINESS

Now, let a Cessna prove its value to your firm. Charter a 170 or 195 before you buy. Fly it on every trip you make. Compare it with any transportation—in actual economy, in time you save, in new profits it alone makes possible.

Your local Cessna dealer will gladly make all arrangements. See him, today!

* * *

For more information on Cessnas and more case histories on the use of Cessnas in businesses similar to yours, phone or see your local Cessna dealer. He is listed in the classified section of your telephone directory. Or write CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO., Dept. 51, Wichita, Kansas.

Cessna
170

BUILT TO MAKE BUSINESS A PLEASURE

New Super-Lift Wing Flaps shorten take-offs, landings. Patented Landing Gear cushions rough-field landings. High-Wing stability, visibility, sun protection. Smooth 6-cylinder, 145 H. P. Continental Engine for comfortable, fast cruising. All-metal dependability. Adjustable foam-rubber seats (removable rear seat). Yard-wide doors. Big 120-lb. luggage capacity. Hydro-servo brakes. Yet it's the lowest-priced 4-place, all-metal plane by several thousand dollars! ALSO SEE THE 4-5 place, bigger, faster Cessna 190 series. There's a Cessna to fit your business!

MEMO TO: Miss Brooks SUBJECT: YOU



In every male there's a silent voice that tells him he is Lord and Master, the axis 'round which his private world revolves. In some of us it's a big voice; in others, just the echo of a whisper. But in all of us, it's always there.

It's this that makes so many of us men take so many of the best things in life for granted.

The admission doesn't come easily—but I'm spoiled. It's high time I broke down and thanked you for not undermining my little illusion that I'm Lord and Master at this desk. So thanks . . .

- for those big little things like knowing how to spell and punctuate and type letter-perfect copy really fast
- for never seeming to mind how much I dictate and never falling behind in transcription
- for your Mona Lisa smile instead of a scowl when the papers "you must have mislaid" turn up in my briefcase
- for the buttons you've sewn on my coat, the wedding presents you've bought, the reminders of birthdays I was about to forget
- for being as enthusiastic about dictating machines as I am (and even admitting we're both much better off than with shorthand)
- for not allowing my desk to get too disorderly, despite my best daily efforts

"Dictaphone" is a registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation

- for the visitors you see when I'm "in conference" and those you make me see because you know I should
- for that warm telephone personality that's such a great help to the company and to me
- for the publications you read and mark, the reports you digest, the gossip you tactfully relay, the subtle suggestions you make about things I should do or shouldn't
- for the time you took the children to the circus...and my wife to the matinee I couldn't make
- for somehow giving people in the office the impression that I'm a wonderful boss (and somehow giving me the impression you really mean it)
- for smiling when I need a smile and listening when I want an audience

- for proving that with you and my Dictaphone TIME-MASTER I can be sure that once it's said, it's done—in a hurry and right
- for managing to be both efficient and feminine without being too obviously either
- for all the wonderful things you are and do that make me a very happy lower-case lord and master at this desk.

Gratefully,

ADB

P.S. Now don't ask me for a raise. Just thank me — because I've already put one through.



Like a free reprint of this message, more information about Secretaries' Week?
Just write A.D.B., 750 Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

FORGINGS BY

KROPP



Photo:
Proseki
Helicopter Corp.

THIS FORGING FLIES WITH THESE NAVY HELICOPTERS

This HUP Retriever is used by the Navy as a fleet utility helicopter... performing many duties of rescue, observation and transport. The Kropff forging shown here is a part of the strong, dependable construction essential to such operations.

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CINEMA

Blaze in Burbank

On the Warner Bros. lot in Burbank one day last week, actors, stagehands and other employees were eating lunch when they heard the shriek of fire sirens. Rushing from the studio commissary, they could see a wind-whipped blaze spreading from an outdoor reproduction of a Manhattan street. As the fire leaped, it engulfed Studio 21, Warner's biggest sound stage (120 ft. wide, 320 ft. long, seven stories high).

The five hose companies from nearby towns and lots laid blankets of water over the area, managed to shield nearby film vaults and buildings. The firemen had plenty of help. Actors Burt Lancaster, Ray Bolger, Steve Cochran, Gordon MacRae, and studio Vice President Jack Warner dashed about like real-life heroes, saving whatever they could from the burning shed. In three hours it was all over. The fire (cause undetermined) had destroyed \$1,500,000 in buildings and equipment over an area of eight acres. It was the biggest studio blaze in Hollywood's history.

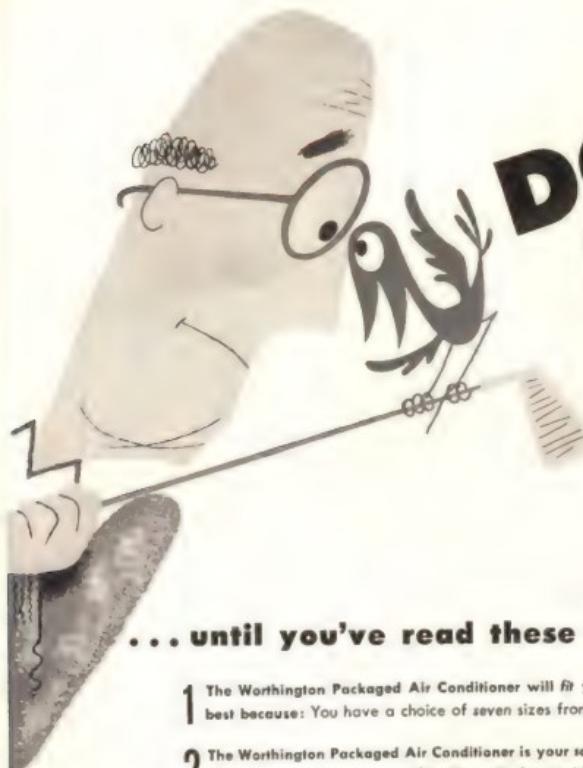
Hopalong Cossack

Soviet moviemakers know their box office. Copenhagen audiences last week were seeing a Soviet-made horse opera that managed to combine cowboys with horse racing and a hearty helping of World War II anti-German propaganda, all wrapped lumpy into ten reels. The story of *Kosakhest* (*Cossack Horse*): A Cossack cowboy enters his horse in a race against a jockey who is after the cowboy's girl. But war begins and the jockey turns out to be a saboteur who escapes to Nazi lines after wounding the cowboy. The clever horse, who apparently can do everything but dance the *Zazachek*, saves the cowboy's life, then helps him blow up a train full of German officers and the jockey as well. In the nick of time, the cowboy uncouples the baggage car in which his girl is held prisoner. Last reel: cowboy rides horse in big race, sets new record, wins trophy at fadouet in front of huge, beaming portrait of J. Stalin.

In Moscow itself, the most popular foreign films, reported the *New York Times*, are *Tarzan* and *Tarzan in the West*, both of which are carefully presented to audiences with a Soviet explanation: Tarzan was cast ashore in Africa as an infant and raised by apes "without the slightest contact with pernicious bourgeois American or English influences."

The New Pictures

Scaramouche (M-G-M), based on Rafael Sabatini's costume-adventure yarn of pre-revolutionary France, combines spirited swordplay with a somewhat sluggish screenplay. Scaramouche (Stewart Granger) is an aristocrat who is bent on avenging the murder of his friend by malevolent Monarchist Mel Ferrer. Not only does Granger prove more than worthy of Master Swordsman Ferrer's steel; he



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AIR CONDITIONER
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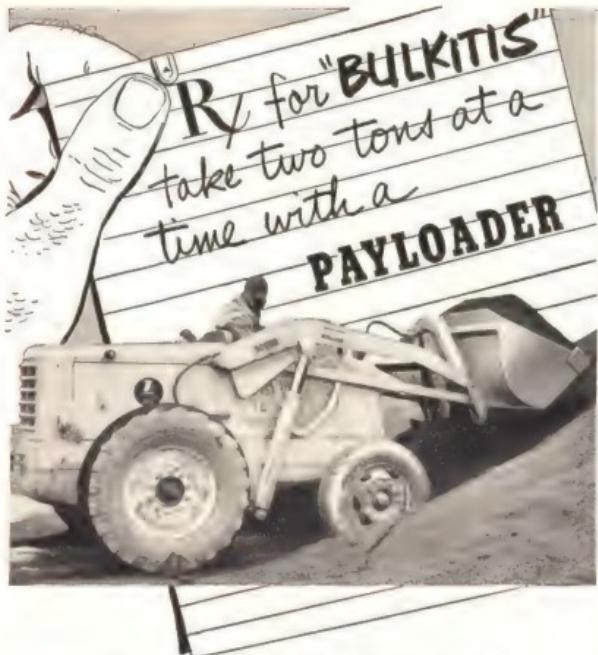
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also proves to be quite a gay blade by hiding out from the authorities with a troupe of traveling players. By the fade-out, Granger has found that Ferrer is really his half-brother, and, in a happier twist of plot, that beauteous Janet Leigh is not really his sister, as he had supposed. This latter development prompts Eleanor Parker, a red-haired hellcat with whom Granger has been whiling away the previous reels, to console herself with a young Corsican lieutenant named Napoleon Bonaparte.

This French pastry has been served up with a rich helping of Technicolored spectacle as well as a good bit of overly rich dialogue and direction. The action includes a number of chases on horseback and a



PARKER & GRANGER
She'll take Napoleon.

spectacular dueling scene in a candlelit Parisian theater, with Ferrer and Granger bounding from balcony boxes to backstage. Ferrer makes a smartly menacing Marquis, and Granger is a fine, swash-buckling figure, although he suggests little of that "gift of laughter" of which Sabatini wrote. Also on hand, in a minor role: Lewis Stone, now 72, who played the villainous Marquis to Ramon Novarro's Scaramouche in M-G-M's 1923 silent version.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat [20th Century-Fox] plays hob with Bret Harte's somber 1866 tale about a gambler, a drunk and a couple of ladies of easy virtue who are booted out of a California Gold Rush town as undesirables and die of cold and starvation in a snowbound mountain cabin. The picture casts out much of the pungent realism of Harte's story and adds some new characters, a dash of old-hat movie melodramatics, a romance and a happy ending.

Miriam Hopkins plays a fairly refined camp follower, while her companion has been transformed for purposes of movie romance into a good girl (Anne Baxter)

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who has misguidedly fallen in with a bad man (Cameron Mitchell). In the end, a handsome gambler (Dale Robertson) with a Southern drawl and a heart of gold chokes the bad man and redeems Anne with his love. Now & then the picture has some forcefully directed scenes, but this *Outcasts* emerges, on the whole, as flat movie drama.

Walk East on Beacon [Louis de Rochemont: Columbia] presents some typically melodramatic movie doings in semi-documentary style: a Communist spy ring attempts to worm some mysterious top-secret plans from a refugee scientist (Finlay Currie) through threats against his son, who is being held prisoner in Germany's Soviet zone. While the scientist feeds the spies false information, an FBI man (George Murphy) and his helpers close in on the gang after a series of chases on foot, by automobile and by boat.

Loosely based on the real espionage cases of Soviet Agent Harry Gold and Britain's Atomic Scientist Klaus Fuchs, the picture develops its anti-Red theme in such simple blacks & whites that it becomes a rather obvious thriller. In Alfred Werker's plodding direction of a talky screenplay, *Walk East on Beacon* moves at a too-leisurely pace for an action picture. Lending a bit of credibility to the proceedings are actual backgrounds filmed in Washington, New Hampshire and Boston.

CURRENT & CHOICE

High Treason. Spies v. Scotland Yard in a bang-up British melodrama (TIME, May 19).

The Atomic City. Neat little B-budget thriller of grade-A caliber about G-men hunting down H-bomb spies (TIME, May 19).

The Narrow Margin. Cops & robbers on a train that rattles along at an exciting express clip (TIME, May 5).

Outcast of the Islands. Joseph Conrad's hothouse drama of a white man's disintegration in the tropics, strikingly directed by Carol (*The Third Man*) Reed; with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley (TIME, April 28).

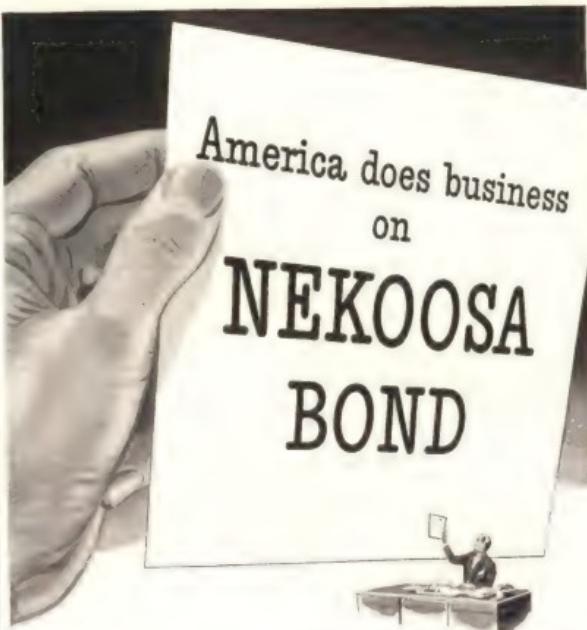
The Man in the White Suit. Top-grade British movie yarn spun out of whole cloth, with Alec Guinness in a tailor-made comedy role as the inventor of an indestructible fabric (TIME, April 14).

Anything Can Happen. Folksy, affectionate film version of George and Helen Papashvily's 1944 bestseller about an immigrant from Russian Georgia (José Ferrer) who discovers America (TIME, April 14).

The African Queen. A prissy old maid (Katharine Hepburn) and a gin-swilling skipper (Humphrey Bogart) triumph over jungle heat and the hangman's noose in John Huston's Technicolored version of C. S. Forester's adventure yarn (TIME, Feb. 25).

Quo Vadis. Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome, in the costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made, with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

TIME, MAY 26, 1952



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BOOKS

Publican & Pharisee

WITNESS (808 pp.)—Whittaker Chambers—Random House (\$5).

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioneers, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican . . . And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other.

—Luke 18:10-14

Alger Hiss, accused of being a Communist and a traitor, told the House Committee on Un-American Activities on Aug. 25, 1948: "It is inconceivable that there could have been on my part, during 15 years or more in public office . . . any departure from the highest rectitude . . . anything except the highest adherence to duty and honor."

Whittaker Chambers, at the same Washington hearing, was called a "liar, spy and traitor." He admitted it, calling himself "an erring, inadequate man, capable of folly, sin and fear . . . I only sought prayerfully to know and to do God's purpose with me."

Throughout his two trials for perjury, Hiss kept saying that he had not sinned. Chambers kept confessing sins. Yet both juries voted (the first 8 to 4, the second 12 to 0) that the Pharisee was a whitened sepulcher, that the publican spoke the truth.

No case in living memory, not even the Dreyfus or the Sacco-Vanzetti cases, split

a nation so sharply into two camps. The other two cases touched passions that were primarily political. The Hiss-Chambers case has stirred the whole spirit of the time. The conflicting forces of the 20th century—religious, social and political—beat over it in fierce waves.

"At heart," says Chambers, "the Great Case was this critical conflict of faiths: that is why it was a great case. On a scale personal enough to be felt by all, but big enough to be symbolic, the two irreconcilable faiths of our time—Communism and Freedom—came to grips in the persons of two conscious and resolute men . . . Both had been schooled in the same view of history (the Marxist view). Both were trained by the same party in the same selfless, semi-soldierly discipline. Neither would nor could yield without betraying, not himself, but his faith . . ."

This week Chambers published an 808-page book, *Witness*, Book-of-the-Month for June. *Witness*, with its 350,000 words, gives a much fuller apologia than the 50,000 words which the *Savannah Post* printed in its recent ten-part serial.

"Crimes of My Century." The dominant tone of the book is religious rather than political. Chambers quotes German Poet Rainer Maria Rilke

*Wer, wenn ich schrie, hörte mich aus
der Engel
Ordnungen?
(Who, if I cried out, would hear me
from among the orders
Of the angels?)*

"I have been painfully sketching the personal sins and follies of a weak man . . . Out of my weakness and folly (but also out of my strength), I committed the characteristic crimes of my century . . . the first century since life began when a

decisive part of the most articulate section of mankind has not merely ceased to believe in God, but has deliberately rejected God. And it is the century in which this religious rejection has taken a specifically political form, so that the characteristic experience of the mind in this age is a political experience. At every point, religion and politics interface, and must do so more acutely as the conflict between the two great camps of men—those who reject and those who worship God—becomes irrepressible. Those camps are not only outside, but also within nations . . .

"Until 1937, I had been in this respect, a typical modern man, living without God except for tremors of intuition. In 1938, there seemed no possibility that I would not continue to live out my life as such a man. Habit and self-interest both presumed it. I had been for 13 years a Communist; and in Communism could be read, more clearly with each passing year, the future of mankind, as with each passing year, the free world shrank in power and faith . . . Yet, in 1938, I gave a different ending to that life.

"Again, in 1948, exactly ten years later, I was leading a life prosperous beyond most men's and peaceful beyond my hopes. On its surface, this was the other typical life of my time—the life of career and success. Again, there seemed no possibility that I would not lead that second life to its close. I did not do so . . ."

"Third Ending." If my story is worth telling, it is because I rejected in turn each of the characteristic endings of life in our time—the revolutionary ending and the success ending. I chose a third ending.

"I am only incidentally a witness to a weak man's sins and misdeeds or even the crimes that are implicit in the practice of Communism. In so far as I am a true witness, it is because twice in my true life I came, not alone, for I had my wife and children by the hand, to a dark tower, and, in a storm of the spirit, listened to that question that was both within and without me: Who, if I cried out, would hear me from among the orders of the angels?

" . . . This book is about what happened—translated into the raw, painful, ugly, crumpled, confused, tormented, pitiful acts of life."

From the start of his unhappy boyhood, all those adjectives applied to Whittaker Chambers. He grew up at Lynbrook, Long Island, a quiet village 18 miles from New York City, in a ramshackle frame house where his mother still lives.

His father, Jay Chambers, a commercial artist who never wanted children, left his wife and two sons for some years—and gave them a living allowance of \$8 a week. Even after he came back to his family, he seldom spoke except to quarrel with his mother-in-law, who was apt to roar at the house brandishing a butcher's knife.

Grandfather Chambers, a Philadelphia newspaperman, had a different foible: every time he came to visit, he took the two little boys on his tours of the local bars. "By the time I was nine or ten," says Chambers, "my grandfather had dragged me through most of the saloons



Walter Bonatti

ESTHER, WHITTAKER & JOHN CHAMBERS ON PIPE CREEK FARM
Stewguts provided a blackboard moral.



Harris & Ewing

THE GREAT CONFRONTATION: HISS v. CHAMBERS ON AUG. 25, 1948
"The highest rectitude" was challenged by "folly, sin and fear."

in eastern Long Island . . . Saloons, I early discovered, were singularly tranquil places.

Picking Flowers. At school, there was a big, bony-faced girl. The other children called her "Stewguts," and baited her mercilessly. Her stupid younger sister was in Chambers' classroom. One recess, Stewguts peered in warily, and, seeing only Chambers and her sister, slipped into the room.

"To impress the meaning of words on us," writes Chambers, "the teacher used to draw a column of flowers on the board with colored chalk—a different color for each flower. Opposite each flower was a word. The teacher would point to the word. If you knew it, you were privileged to go to the blackboard and erase the word and the flower. This was called 'picking flowers.'

"Stewguts drew a column of colored daisies on the blackboard. Then she beckoned her sister to come up. Patiently, she went down the column of words, asking her sister each one. The younger girl got most of them wrong. Gently, they went over and over them again. Stewguts never showed impatience. Sometimes, she let her sister 'pick a flower.' I watched fascinated, listening to the girls' voices, rising and falling, in question and answer, with the greatest softness, until, with Stewguts' help, almost all the flowers had been 'picked.'

"Then there was a tramp of feet in the hall outside the room. Stewguts slapped down the pointer and hurriedly erased the last of the flowers. Suddenly she took her sister's face in both of her hands, and, bending, gently kissed the top of her head. As the hall door opened with a burst of voices, Stewguts silently closed the cloakroom door behind her and fled.

"I knew that I had witnessed something wonderful and terrible, though I did not know what it was. I knew that it was a parable, though I did not know what parable meant, because I knew that in some simple way what I had seen summed up something very important, something more important than anything I had ever seen before. It is not strange that I should not have understood what I saw. What is strange, and humbling, is that I knew I

had seen something which I never could forget. What I had seen was the point at which from corruption issues corruption.

"After that, I knew that Stewguts, who was bad, was not bad."

Total Crisis. Chambers ran away from home, and worked as a day laborer in Washington and New Orleans. Later he entered Columbia, where he substituted "Whittaker," his mother's maiden name, for the baptismal "Jay Vivian" he had always hated. His college reading, and a 1923 trip to Germany "reeling from inflation, readying for revolution," turned him to Communism. "Few Communists," Chambers noted, "have ever been made simply by reading the works of Marx or Lenin. The crisis of history makes Communists; Marx and Lenin merely offer them an explanation of the crisis and what to do about it . . . It is in fact a total crisis—religious, moral, intellectual, social, political, economic. It is popular to call it a crisis of the Western world. It is in fact a crisis of the whole world. Communism, which claims to be a solution of the crisis, is itself a symptom and an irritant of the crisis."

But in 1925, to idealistic young Whittaker Chambers, Communism seemed to offer "what nothing else in the dying world had power to offer at the same intensity—faith and a vision, something for which to live and something for which to die."

During the late '20s, Chambers was on the New York *Daily Worker*. In the city room he sat with Tom O'Flaherty, a big Irishman with "a brisk sense of humor (always a heavy cross for a Communist)," and Fred Ellis, a blue-eyed sign painter from Illinois who did the *Worker* cartoons when Chambers had an idea (one idea: after Teapot Dome, Andy Mellon as September Morn in a pool of oil).

Brown Beret. Wages on the *Worker* were so intermittent, and so small, that Chambers cast about for a part-time paying job. His Columbia friend Clifton Fadiman, knowing his skill at languages, offered him a book to translate. It was *Bambi*, and its immediate success established him as a translator.

The *Worker* sent Chambers to cover a textile workers' demonstration in Passaic, N.J. The police were massed in force to

keep the strikers from marching, but a slender girl rushed out before the cops could stop her. The demonstration surged after her. "Get that bitch in the brown beret!" a policeman shouted. Without flinching, she walked forward as the cops closed in, swinging their clubs. Led by the "bitch in the brown beret," the demonstrators swept right through the police. This was Chambers' first glimpse of Esther Shemitz, who since 1931 has been his wife.

In June 1932 Chambers was tapped for the Communist underground, and assigned to the Fourth Section of Soviet Military Intelligence. To his surprise, he found that "there existed a concealed party which functioned so smoothly that in seven years as a Communist I had not suspected it . . . I felt a quiet elation . . . that it had selected me to work with it. For the first time, I did something involuntary that would soon cease to be involuntary, and would become a technique—I glanced back to see if anybody were following me."

Armored Train. Ulrich was Chambers' first boss in the underground. A tough, agile little Russian, Ulrich had been a fellow prisoner of Stalin in a sub-Arctic Siberian camp, and commander of an armored train during Russia's civil war. "If there is ever a revolution in America," Ulrich used to say, "get yourself an armored train. It is the only comfortable way to go through a revolution." Pending a revolution, he taught Chambers all the wrinkles of underground work, from invisible ink to serving as a courier, to developing microfilms in the bathroom of a Gay Street apartment in Greenwich Village. In 1934 Ulrich returned to Russia. His final warning: "Remember, Bob, there are only two ways that you can really leave us: you can be shot by them or you can be shot by us."

Chambers' next boss in the underground was a Hungarian Communist, J. Peters, who switched Chambers' party pseudonym from Bob to Carl and shifted him from New York to Washington. To Chambers, Peters "enlarged on the party's organizational and human resources in Washington, mentioning, among others, the man whose name he always pronounced 'Awl-jur'—with a kind of drawing pleasure, for he took an almost parental pride

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'in Alger Hiss. Then, with a little inclusive wave of his pudgy hand, he summed up, 'Even in Germany under the Weimar Republic,' said Peters, 'the party did not have what we have here.'"

Adds Chambers: "In the 1930s the revolutionary mood had become so acute . . . that the Communist Party could recruit its agents, not here and there, but by scores within the Government of the U.S. . . . Between the years 1930 and 1948, a group of almost unknown men and women, Communists or close fellow travelers, or their dupes, working in the U.S. Government or in some singular unofficial relationship to it . . . affected the future of every American now alive . . . Their names, with half a dozen exceptions, still mean little or nothing to the mass of Americans. But their activities, if only in promoting the triumph of Communism in China, have decisively changed the history of Asia, of the U.S., and therefore, of the world. If mankind is about to suffer one of its decisive transformations, if it is about to close its 2,000-year-old experience of Christian civilization, and enter upon another wholly new and diametrically different, then that group may claim a part in history such as it is seldom given any men to play, particularly so few and such obscure men. One of them was Alger Hiss . . ."

Crisis of Conscience? "I have sometimes been asked at this point: What went on in the minds of those Americans, all highly educated men, that made it possible for them to betray their country? Did none of them suffer a crisis of conscience? The question presupposes that whoever asks it has still failed to grasp that Communists mean exactly what they have been saying for a hundred years: they regard any government that is not Communist, including their own, merely as the political machine of a class whose power they have organized expressly to overthrow by all means, including violence. Therefore, ultimately, the problem of espionage never presents itself to them as a problem of conscience, but as a problem of operations."

Chambers' personal questioning of the Communist program was spurred by the Great Purge of 1936-38. "The Purge, like the Communist-Nazi pact later on, was the true measure of Stalin as a revolutionary statesman. That was the horror of the Purge—that acting as a Communist, Stalin had acted rightly. In that fact lay the evidence that Communism is absolutely evil . . . The more truly a man acted in its spirit and interest, the more certainly he perpetuated evil . . . I said 'This is evil, absolute evil. Of this evil I am a part.' . . . The structure of my Communist thought was firmly and logically built. It was not the structure but the ground it stood on that was in convulsion. I knew confusion and despair long before I knew what to do about it. I knew that my faith, long held and devoutly served, was destroyed long before I knew exactly what my error was, or what the right way might be . . .

"At some point, I sought relief from my



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distress by trying to pray . . . As I continued to pray raggedly, prayer ceased to be an awkward and self-conscious act. It became a daily need to which I looked forward . . . The torrent that swept through me in 1937 and the first months of 1938 swept my spirit clear to discern one truth: 'Man without mysticism is a monster.' I do not mean, of course, that I denied the usefulness of reason and knowledge. What I grasped was that religion begins at the point where reason and knowledge are powerless and forever fail—the point at which man senses the mystery of his good and evil, his suffering and his destiny as a soul in search of God."

Chambers tried to get several of the key members of the underground Washington apparatus, including Hiss, to break with Communism too. He failed in every instance. Chambers is sure that Hiss and others in the group are still convinced Communists. Says he: "All of the ex-Communists who cooperated with the Government had broken with the party entirely as a result of their own conscience years before the Hiss Case began. It is worth noting that not one Communist was moved to break with Communism under the pressures of the Hiss Case. Let those who wonder about Communism and the power of its faith, ponder upon that fact."

Sanctuary. For more than a year after his break with Communism in the spring of 1938, Chambers and his family went in fear of their lives. Chambers did translating to support them, and carried a gun. By the spring of 1939 he had less than \$50 left, had borrowed all he could borrow, and had nowhere to turn. Next morning he heard about a possible job from a friend on TIME, where a few days later he was hired at \$100 a week. When he resigned, 93 years later, at a crisis of the Case, his TIME Inc. earnings were \$30,000 a year. Chambers adds that TIME's parting settlement was "so generous" that "I did not have to worry about money again during the Case."

Chambers rose to be a senior editor of TIME. He wrote many TIME cover stories (e.g., on Marian Anderson, Arnold Toynbee and Reinhold Niebuhr), edited various departments (e.g., Books, FOREIGN NEWS), and for LIFE wrote a notable series of articles on the development of Western Man (e.g., on the Middle Ages, Venice, and the Age of Enlightenment). Chambers thus sums up his years on this magazine: "My debt and gratitude to TIME cannot be measured. At a critical moment, TIME gave me back my life. It gave me my voice. It gave me sanctuary, professional respect, peace and time in which to mature my changed view of the world and man's destiny, and mine, in it. I went to TIME a fugitive; I left it a citizen."

Rugs & Films. Some 300 pages of witness are devoted to the Case itself—mainly transcripts from the hearings. They give a remarkably detailed proof of the many and well-substantiated links between Hiss and Chambers (whom Hiss first denied he had ever known at all), as well



COMMUNIST BOSS J. PETERS
He took a parental pride in Awl-jur.

as between Hiss, Communism and the stolen State Department documents (links which Hiss denied entirely, to the end).

The evidence of the old Ford, the Oriental rugs, the Woodstock typewriter on which some of the secret telegrams were typed, the Leica camera with which the rest were photographed, the Hiss-written memos and bills of sale, the pumpkin films,⁶ the prothoratory warbler, and many other items is overwhelming cumulative evidence of Hiss's guilt.

"Underground Espionage Agent." On Sept. 2, 1939, Chambers spent four hours with Adolf A. Berle, Assistant Secretary of State in charge of U.S. security matters. The notes Berle took that evening were headed "Underground Espionage Agent," and in these Berle notes, Alger Hiss was listed as "Member of the Underground Communists—Active." Berle's four pages of notes outline the entire conspiracy. If the 1948 investigation had taken place when Chambers first volunteered his data in 1939, this outline would have been filled in when it could have done the most good.

Neither Berle nor the Administration acted effectively on Chambers' 1939 report, says Chambers: "In going to Berle, I had keyed myself to the highest pitch of effort. When nothing came of it, I felt like a wire that has been stretched to the snapping point and let go slack."

Chambers ran a real risk of prosecution for his part in the conspiracy when he volunteered these names and facts in 1939. He again risked prosecution, as a perjurer, in 1948, when he swore several times that he had no espionage material, then reversed himself and produced a four-foot stack of secret Government telegrams and typescripts. Says he: "I never

⁶ The incurable love of U.S. journalists for aliteration's artful aid transformed these films into the "pumpkin papers."



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asked for immunity. Nor did anyone at any time ever offer me immunity, even by a hint or a whisper. For weeks it was widely thought that Chambers, not Hiss, would be indicted.

How does Chambers feel about being an informer? "On that road of the informer, it is always night. I who have traveled it from end to end, and know its windings, switchbacks and sheer drops—cannot say at what point, where or when, the ex-Communist must make his decision to take it. That depends on the individual man . . . I cannot ever inform against anyone without feeling something die within me. I inform without pleasure, because it is necessary."

Says Chambers of his evidence against Hiss to the grand jury: "There was always the possibility that the world would see only the shocking facets of the testimony and . . . an abhorrent man making himself more abhorrent by every act that he confessed to." Having this fear in mind, Chambers at first deliberately—and repeatedly—lied about espionage. He thereby hoped to save not only himself but Hiss.

Hiss made it clear, by forcefully pressing a \$75,000 libel suit on Chambers for calling him a Communist, that he would destroy Chambers if he could. Only then did Chambers produce his belated time bomb: a long-hoarded package of secret documents. Even then Chambers produced his hoard piecemeal, giving some to the lawyers in the libel suit against himself (which later became a perjury suit against Hiss), and later surrendering the pumpkin films, on a subpoena from the Un-American Affairs Committee.

Cyanide. Some criticize Chambers for making money out of his confession. *Witnes*s has already earned him more than \$100,000. It may well earn over \$200,000 [before taxes] by 1953 or 1954. But if Chambers had emulated scores of other ex-Communists and simply refused to testify, he might have kept on at his salaried job and earned about as much—also avoiding an ordeal which wrecked much of his life and might easily have killed a lesser man.

It nearly killed Chambers. He was so lonely and sick of heart during the days just before Hiss was indicted that he wrote a number of suicide letters and opened a tin of cyanide compound on his pillow, thinking its fumes would kill him as he slept. He narrowly failed, only because he had misread the directions,

Chambers says of his wavering, evasions and attempted suicide: "I was weak and vacillating. I dodged and delayed. I was far from consistent, I'm a human being. People find fault with this. They say that, once started, I should have gone right ahead, like a locomotive on a track. But no man isn't like a locomotive."

Dirt Farm. Chambers is more like one of his tractors bobbing along one of his own steep hillside fields. The Chamberses live on 100-acre Pipe Creek Farm near Westminster, Md., a \$20,000 farm which still has a \$7,500 mortgage. They milk a herd of registered Guernsey cattle, annual

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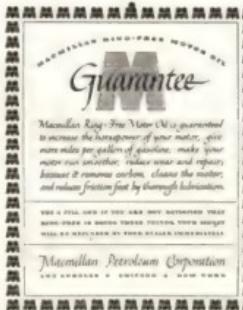
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ally raise more than 100 Hampshire hogs and some 60 Shropshire sheep, grow corn, wheat, barley, oats and soybeans in regular crop rotations, and each year put 5,000 bales of hay into their three barns. Says Chambers, with a flash of real pride: "It is not a show place. It is a dirt farm.

"We bought this farm in my second year at TIME (1940). We knew something of the hardships we must expect. Soon we knew more of them. But we had decided that our children must grow up close to the soil, familiar with labor, embedded in the nation by attending its public schools and taking spontaneous part in its routine work and play. Above all, we wanted to place them beyond the snob of the great cities, seeing few newspapers, seldom hearing the radio, seldom seeing motion pictures, untouched by the excitements by which the modern world



Kurt Paul Kliegbrunn

ADOLF A. BERLE
A stretched wire went slack.

daily stimulates its nervous crisis. We wished them never to hear the word Communism until they had developed against it, and the modern mind from which it springs: the immunity of a full and good life . . .

"Today I walked across the ridge from our home place to this house where I write. I climbed the first rise and the second, from which, in clear weather, we can see, far off, the dark blue wall of the Allegheny Front. As I passed the crest of the ridge, below me on the field in the hollow, my 15-year-old son was windrowing hay. He sat, small and brown, on the big green tractor while the side-delivery rake click-clicked behind. When I came down the slope in the sunlight, he waved to me—a wave that meant smiling pride in what he was doing and pleasure at seeing his father unexpectedly.

"I thought: 'Surely, this is a moment in a man's life, when he can stand in his fields and see such a son, to whom he has given life, and a tranquil, orderly way of

Ever try to find a CONVERSATION?

It's hard enough to remember what you said—what the other fellow said—in a talk just *yesterday!* In a week, memories get lost—figures confused—names and addresses foggy—instructions forgotten!



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Two Offices and the Sales Room of the Madison County Distilleries, under Justeson, Miss., are Cooled by this Large Frick Unit.

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Dividend No. 42
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A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share will be declared, payable June 20, 1952, to holders of record at the close of business on May 23, 1952 on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
May 2, 1952.

living, wave his gratitude for that life and for that way of living it."

Besides his farming, Chambers will keep on writing. He is now completing an essay on St. Benedict as part of a book of saints' biographies to which Graham Greene, Rebecca West, Clare Boothe Luce, Evelyn Waugh and others are contributing.

"The Case has turned my wife and me into old people," says Chambers (he is 51). "We who used to plan in terms of decades now find a year, two years, the utmost span of time we can take in."

History & Tragedy. The book does not succeed in telling what sort of man Whitaker Chambers is—as, say, the Confessions of Augustine or of Jean-Jacques Rousseau succeed in telling about their authors. Neither does *Witness* succeed in telling what sort of man Alger Hiss is. It would have to be a great book to do that. Chambers is an intellectual who feels, and who dramatizes—and sometimes over-dramatizes—his feelings. But he has feeling, he has imagination, and the perception, rare among his present-day countrymen, to see actual life as profoundly historic, profoundly tragic.

Its depth and penetration make *Witness* the best book about Communism ever written on this continent. It ranks with the best books on the subject written anywhere. After reading it, Arthur Koestler, whose *Darkness at Noon* is the finest novel about Communism, wired Chambers: "You have said what I tried to say." Though *Witness* is very long (808 pages), the reader who skips the more familiar parts of the Case (such as the House hearings) will find it about average length—but far above average interest. For in bearing witness to his life & times, Whitaker Chambers, at his best—and at his book's best—speaks, like the publican, with the tremendous eloquence of humility.

RECENT & READABLE

Homage to Catalonia, by George Orwell. The Spanish civil war as seen by the author of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (TIME, May 19).

Napoleon at St. Helena, by General Henri-Gatien Bertrand. A vivid account of Napoleon's last months, from the journals of his grand marshal (TIME, May 19).

The Time of the Assassins, by Godfrey Blunden. A tale of two fanaticisms—the SS kind and the NKVD kind—in the Ukrainian city of Kharov (TIME, May 19).

The Golden Hand, by Edith Simon. Life & death in a fictional English village of the 14th century (TIME, April 28).

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison. A rousing good first novel about the coming of age of a Negro boy (TIME, April 14).

The Second Face, by Marcel Aymé. One of the best of Gallic ironists tells what happens when a plodding Frenchman gets a handsome new face (TIME, April 14).

Rome and a Villa, by Eleanor Clark. A collection of sights, sounds and impressions by a reflective American traveler (TIME, April 14).



Golfers:

**beat Ben Hogan
next Saturday
...win this medal**

Make sure to get your favorite foursome together on May 31st—to play against the toughest competitor in golf.

For on that day, all over the country, a couple of hundred thousand other golfers will be out on their fairways, all trying to post a score that will win them this bronze medal which says, "I beat Ben Hogan."

Furthermore, experts tell us that a good 10% of the entrants should actually beat Ben!

The U. S. Open champ will tee off at the Northwood Club in Dallas at about 11 a.m., C.S.T. He'll play alone, but he'll be followed around the course by radio, TV, and newsreel cameras broadcasting his round on a national hookup.

You'll play your 18 at your home course, with your full handicap (women get 5 strokes extra). And you'll have all the thrills of playing in the biggest tournament ever, as Ben's score is posted and the news of the winners comes in from North and South, East and West.

For the Benefit of Two Worthy Causes

Your entry fee on National Golf Day is only \$1 (in addition to regular greens fees). All money received will be divided evenly between (1) the USO and (2) the National Golf Fund, for charitable causes in golf. None of the proceeds will go to either LIFE or the PGA, co-sponsors of the tournament, or used to defray tournament expenses.

So in addition to the excitement of playing against Ben Hogan, you'll be doing your bit for two deserving causes.

Be sure to see your pro at once about National Golf Day.

LIFE

National Golf Day
MAY 31, 1952



NOTE to LIFE readers in Canada: see your club pro or manager about the special plans for National Golf Day in Canada

MISCELLANY

In a Haystack. In Columbus, Ohio, when the state penitentiary's commissary was looted of 50 cartons of cigarettes and assorted boxes of candy, Warden Ralph W. Alvis announced sternly: "There's a thief in here somewhere."

Shock Treatment. In Glasgow, Scotland, George Patterson tried 51 remedies, finally stopped a ten-day attack of hiccups with a draft of hot mustard and cold water.

Fine Print. In Los Angeles, Percy T. Martin willed life incomes of \$300 a month to two women he identified as "friends," but stipulated that they remain unmarried, and refrain from "living with any man out of wedlock, or making any use of tobacco or alcoholic beverages or liquors."

To Conform. In Cincinnati, Charles Atkins, 22, stole three white-wall tires, explained to police: "I found one and I needed three more to match it."

Prepared Position. In Kings Lynn, England, Private Anthony Rose forged his own death certificate, explained when arrested that he didn't like life in the army.

The Criminal Mind. In St. Paul, thieves lugged off 450 2-ft.-square concrete sidewalk blocks weighing a total of 16 tons.

Conditioned Reflex. In Melbourne, Australia, Thomas Joseph O'Shea was freed on a charge of insulting a policeman after he told the judge that his cough, and not the passing cop, had made him stick out his tongue.

Man Around the House. In Trenton, N.J., the State Board of Child Welfare rejected a suggestion that a deserted father be allowed to draw welfare payments, resolved instead that he "arrange for an adequate female to provide suitable care for his children while he continues to be productive and independent."

Specialized Need. In Ft. Wayne, Ind., the Better Business Bureau received a call from a woman who wanted to know the name of a shyster lawyer, because "I figure it will take a crooked one to win this case."

Silver Cord. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Peter Hoffman told the judge in a divorce suit against a fourth husband that she used to call her mother every half-hour when she went out, because "Mother always wanted to know that I was quite all right."

Art. In Karlsruhe, Germany, the Triumph brassière firm invoked a law against plagiarizing works of art to sue a competitor for copying its patterns, lost its case when the judge ruled that "that which goes into a brassière is a work of art, but not the brassière itself."

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Spots pages tell who won on May 30 . . . but the *long-term* winner is the motoring public. Every 500 miles of Speedway driving is the equivalent of 50,000 miles of ordinary driving; the big brick oval at Indianapolis is the supreme testing ground of new ideas in automotive metals, lubricants, tires . . . and chemicals.

This year, as for many years past, the tires of *every* racing car at Indianapolis incorporate Monsanto's rubber chemicals. Its antioxidants and accelerators are vital to the strength and flexibility tires must have not only for Speedway racing but ordinary highway use, as well. Monsanto wetting agents, detergents and such special materials as Santocure[®], Insoluble Sulfur "60" and Santoflex[®] B also are essential chemicals for tire manufacture.

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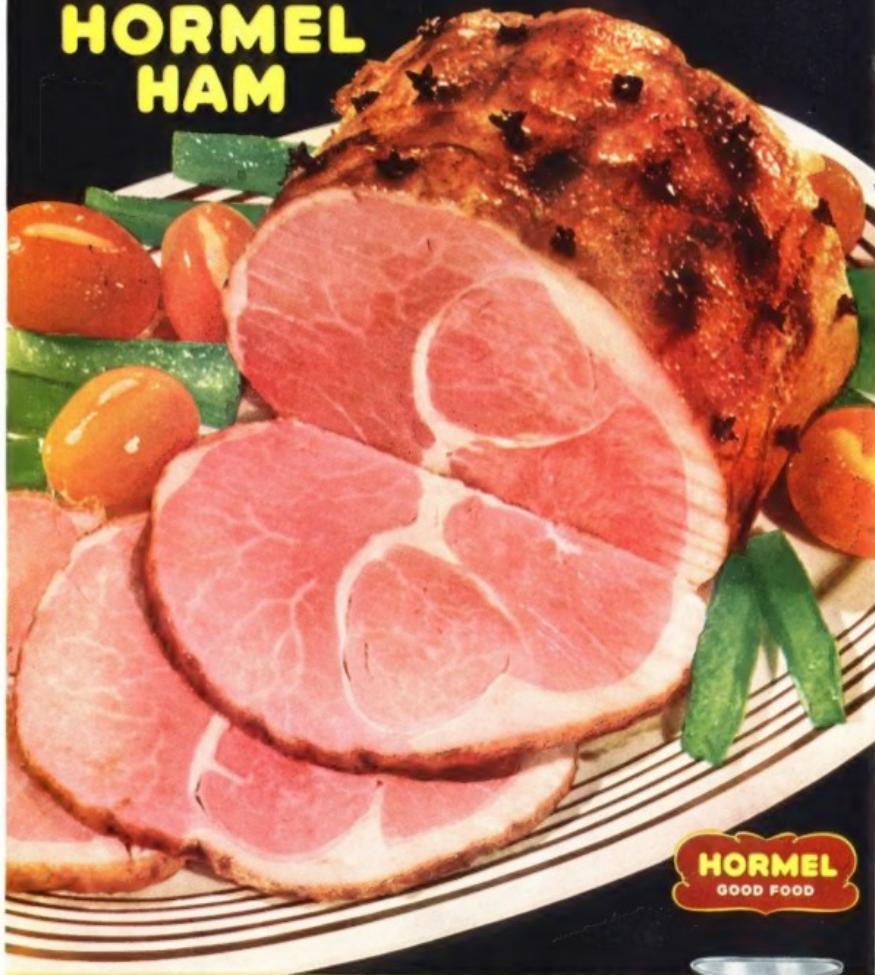
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